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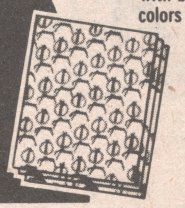

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FOR teens only

Vol. 11, No. 3 August, 1975

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Letters to Lisa

Hi! I'm Lisa Dennas, one of the friendly staff members of FOR TEENS ONLY. Working here is great but my favorite job is answering all your incredible correspondence! Some letters are funny, some are serious, and some are down-right sad. But I love reading all of them and I try to answer all I can on this page. Please write to me whether you have problems with your parents, boyfriends, girlfriends, make-up, dating or whatever.

Letters to Lisa
FOR TEENS ONLY
235 Park Ave. So.
6th Floor
New York, N.Y. 10003

LUSTY LADY

Dear Lisa:

My problem is my girlfriend, Gradie, who's built very well. She's always strutting around when boys are nearby. Her father sells cabins and her parents built a very plush one about 300 yards behind their main house. When I spend the night there, that's where Gradie and I sleep. But she wears these very sexy nightgowns to bed and she invites boys over and things start getting very heavy. In the morning, she's satisfied and they leave through the back door. Our birthdays are a few days apart (we're both 15). I sit in the corner when she does these things and I try to ignore them. One time I had to leave because a boy wouldn't leave me alone. My parents don't like my hanging around with her and neither do my other friends. I'm wondering if all guys are like this. I'm very depressed!

don't-use-my-name
West Port Ann, New York

Dear No-name:

Sometimes we think our parents are very out-of-it when they give us their advice and opinions. But this time, I think you've picked a real loser for a friend—and in spite of what your parents and friends have advised you to do. I also think you have mixed emotions about sleeping over at Gradie's. On one hand, you're shocked by the goings-on; on the other hand, even though you don't let the boys get very far with you, you're secretly excited by everything. A relationship with a girl like Gradie is very dangerous. Drop her! Or—if you really, really like her that much—still see her . . . but in the daytime. No more pajama parties for you!

CRYING IN THE AISLES

Dear Lisa:

I have only read one issue of FOR TEENS ONLY so far but it has made a good impression on me. I am 15 and I have been dating for about three months. Most of my dates take me to the movies, which I don't object to because I like films. But I have a very soft heart and I start crying during the pictures—and this is very embarrassing when I'm on a date. My last date took me to "The Trial of Billy Jack" and near the end I started sobbing very hard. I was embarrassed and I think he was, too. What should I do?

Jody McDermott
Apple Valley, Minn.

Dear Jody:

I'm very sentimental and I cry very easily, too, and not just at movies. But it's not as bad a problem as you think it is. It just shows that you are very emotional, sensitive, and easily moved—and that's nothing to be ashamed of. There are two ways to approach this if you are going on a date with a boy to a movie. Tell him beforehand that you are known to cry at the sad parts; ask him if that bothers him and, if it does, tell him not to take you to a sad movie. The other alternative is to remind yourself, during the sad parts, that it's *only a movie* . . . that she's not really dying . . . or that he is not really being taken away from his family . . . and also think of something funny or embarrassing during the sad parts (what if someone started tickling you, or what about the time you were getting on a bus and got your foot stuck in the door)—to distract you from sobbing your heart out. Good luck!

DISCHARGING A PROBLEM

Dear Lisa:

I have not started to menstruate but I get this discharge on my underpants. I can't feel it but I can see it. Could you tell me what it is? Is it a problem?

Laura Cavil
De Pere, Wisconsin

Dear Laura:

Before menarche (the first menstruation), a female's body starts to prepare for puberty by producing more and more secretions, especially some vaginal secretions. It's usually a mixture of perspiration and vaginal juices which (in a clean and healthy young woman) are normal and not harmful. If your discharge is *unusually* thick, yellowish, or has a strong, unpleasant odor, then maybe you'd better discuss it with your mother or older sister—and go to a gynecologist. You may have an infection. In all probability, though, yours are the average, whitish, faintly salty-smelling secretions—which are usual, normal, and not harmful.

SAVE THE DOLPHINS: REPRISE

Dear Lisa:

I would like to thank you for printing my letter in your column ("Dolphin Dilemma"). There was a great response from your readers and I'm glad to know that people out there care—and that *you* cared enough to print my letter. I sent out many petitions all over the U.S.A. and in Canada and I hope that with all the signatures we receive that we can do something to save the dolphins. Please thank your readers for me. The dolphins love you all—and you, too, Lisa!

Kristina Esquivel
Pomona, California

Dear Kristina:

Thanks for writing. I'm glad you're doing such a worthwhile thing and I was glad we all could be of some help. You're beautiful!

FEELINGS ABOUT FEELINGS

Dear Lisa:

How do you tell a boy how you feel about him? And *should* you tell him? I have always believed that feelings should be out in the open so that there is no need for guessing—but now I have a problem. You see, this boy is already a good friend but I would like to let him know I have much deeper feelings for him. He's always been an acquaintance but in the last six months we have gotten to know each other

(please turn to page 64)

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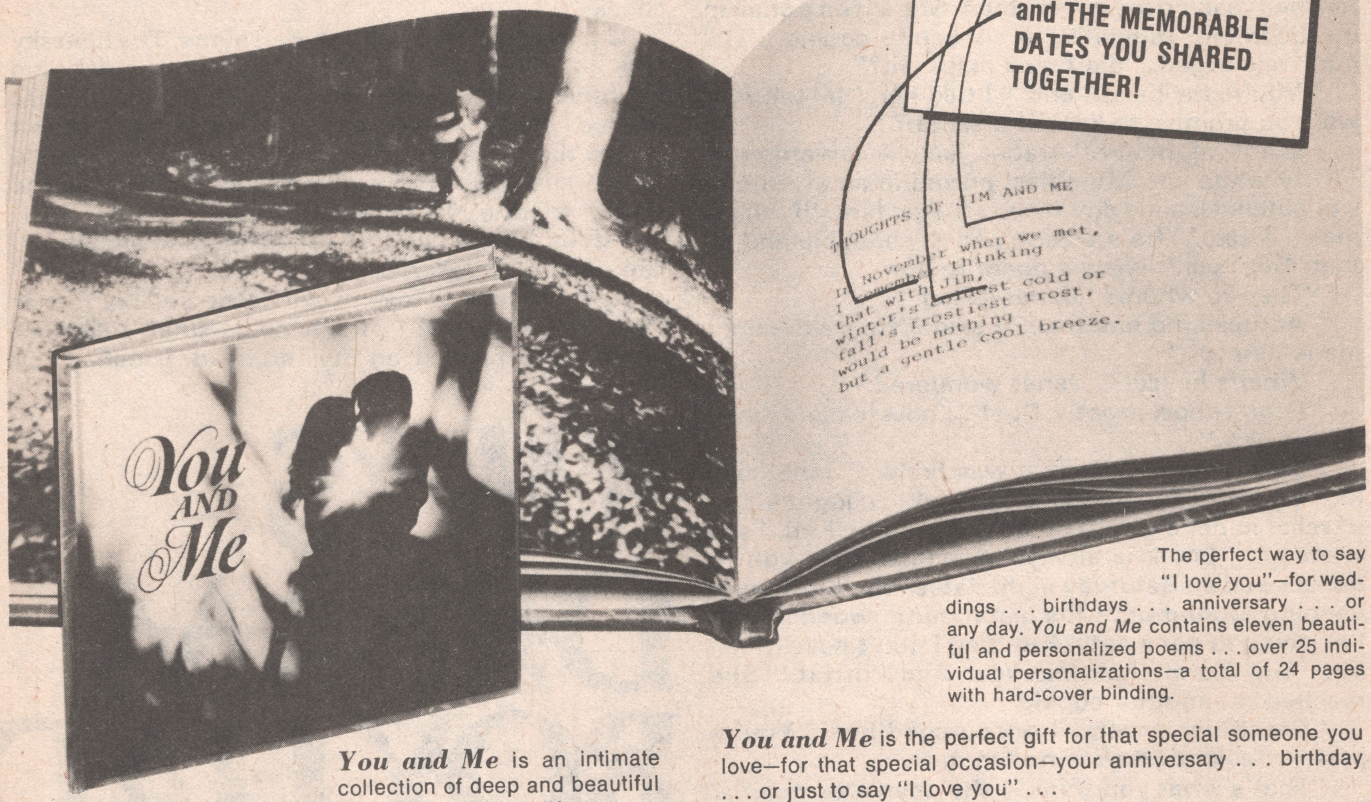

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THEFT

I grasped the stars and the silver moon.
I held the note of a song bird's tune.
I took a rainbow from the sky,
And caught the sunbeams dancing by.

All these I wrapped
In a sea of blue.
And stole the world,
My love, for you.

"That's super," my friend Janet said when she finished reading my poem aloud. She sat on a chair in my bedroom, munching a chocolate cookie. "Tell me," she urged, "did Frank inspire it?"

"You're my best friend," I told her. "If I tell you, will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"Word of honor." Janet leaned towards me.

My white cat, Mumbles, purred in an afternoon sun patch. I leaned down and stroked him. "Frank is nice," I said. "He's steady and dependable and all that. But I can't write a poem to him."

"Then to whom?" Janet asked.

"Actually, no one real," I said. "He's a dream. I made him up."

"What's he like?" Janet wondered.

"I don't know exactly. But I'll know for sure when I meet him."

"Somehow I thought it was Frank," Janet said looking at me. For a second I thought I caught a look of relief in her eyes. "You've got it made, Kim," she went on. "Frank is always around to take you to dances and on Saturday night dates. Me, I'm always hanging around until the last minute, wondering if I'm going to get a date. But then I don't have green eyes and blonde hair like you. And I'm fat." She reached for another cookie.

"Come on, Janet," I encouraged her. "You're pretty! Besides Frank is no big deal."

"That's what you think," she answered quietly. She looked around my frilly pink bedroom as she put on her coat. "You're plain lucky, Kim. I have to share my room with two sisters and there's no privacy. And you have this elegant bedroom all to yourself."

I walked to my front door with her. "See you tomorrow, Jan," I said.

Inside, our housekeeper, Sara, was cooking in the kitchen. The house seemed big and empty. I put on my hat and coat and hurried to my favorite spot, a small wooded pond.

It was early twilight. The sky was a silver platter etched with grey clouds. Scarlet and gold and yellow leaves fell softly from tall trees. The weeping willows bent to the water were still green. A man walked a shaggy dog beside the pond. In the distance, a pair of lovers strolled with their arms around each other. I envied them as I circled the pond slowly, thinking.

My parents were career people. My mother was a lawyer, devoted to her practice. My father was an architect, frequently away on business trips. When they had time, we had fun together. There were weekends when we fished or camped or hiked.

A lonely hunger gnawed at me. I was impatient for my dream to become real so that I could stroll here beside my own lover, sharing the magic of the seasons. He would understand me. He would know the real meaning behind all my poems.

I tossed a stick into the half frozen water. "One day," I promised aloud. "One day I'll meet him." Then I strolled homeward.

But nothing changed as the weeks and months passed. When Frank and I went to a dance and a new boy cut in on me, I wondered, "Are you the one?" Now and then I accepted a movie date, but nothing exciting happened.

In mid-winter the pond froze. Skating there eased my restless loneliness. I loved the snow-capped trees, the frozen earth, and the wind whipping my cheeks.

One crisp winter day, I skated alone. The blue sky was cloudless, and the sun shone with a dazzling brightness. My motions were swift as I glided across the ice, the lonely hunger gnawing in me. I didn't realize that I was blinded by the sun until my ankle turned and I fell with a sharp pain. Panic filled me when I tried to rise. I couldn't move.

"Help! Please help!" I called. No one answered. The pond was deserted.

I'll try to crawl, I told myself. It seemed hours that I struggled. In spite of the cold, small beads of perspiration formed on my forehead. I inched my

KIM'S DREAM BOY HAD DREAMS OF HIS OWN!

Kim wrote beautiful poetry to a "dream boy". Would she ever find a real boy to love her?

by BARBARA HUTCHENRIDER

way to shore, biting my lips in excruciating pain.

From the far end of the pond I now saw that a tall young man skated towards me. Exhausted, I sat on the ice and watched him hopefully. His dark hair was tousled by the wind. He skated easily with swift, certain motions.

"I'll help you," he said when he reached me. "You're in trouble."

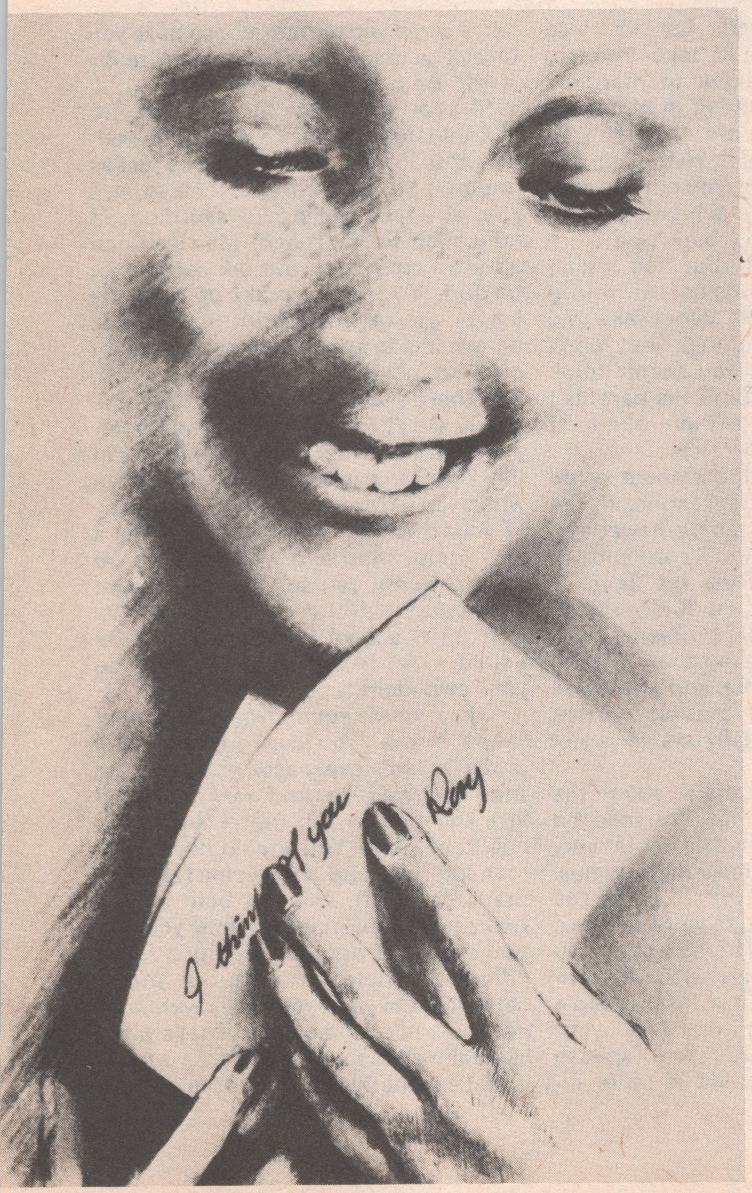
"My ankle. I'm afraid it's broken." I tried not to cry with pain.

"I'll take you home," he said. "My car is near." He leaned down. I clung to his arm and rose.

His strength seemed to flow through me as I leaned against him and hobbled to his car. As I sat beside him during the ride home, the pain lessened.

"I'm Carl Robbins," he told me. "We're kind of neighbors. I'm new in town. Moved here a few months ago. Don't know many people yet. I'm studying contemporary literature at the university."

"I'm Kim Wilson," I told him. "Lucky for me you were around." I wondered as I looked at him if I meant more than that he rescued me. His dark good looks made my heart skip a beat. When I gave him directions to my house, I knew I had to see him again.



I was delighted when at my door he asked, "Shall I help you inside? I'm in a rush but I'd like to see you again, Kim. You're nice to be with."

"I'm all right now, thanks to you. My ankle feels better. And call me." I scribbled my telephone number on the little book he handed me and limped into the house.

When two days later Carl called, the slight sprain in my ankle had healed.

On our first date I knew Carl was the inspiration for my poetry. All my dreams were realized in him. I never wondered how he felt. It was enough to be with him. To walk beside him on a white winter night filled me with a happiness I had never known. Skating together, our laughter lost in the wind, was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. The poems I wrote to him flowed easily and joyfully.

One night I showed him my new poem. His vibrant voice sent shivers through me as he read:

AWAKENING

You have brought me stardust,
And I, like a dazzled moth,
Emerge from a web of shadows,
And into splendor burst forth.

For you are the bright illusion,
Between my heart and mind,
Of blazing lights and colors,
The awakened heart can find.

"It's a good poem, Kim," he said. "I like it."

I wanted to answer, "It's for you I'm writing. Don't you know that?" But instead I just said, "Thanks."

I set my star on that wonderful time when Carl would tell me I was the only girl for him. I was so carried away by my dream-bubble I had no idea how soon it would burst, nor how cruel the awakening.

One afternoon Janet and I strolled along Main Street. We had been shopping and our arms were filled with packages. "I hope Carl will like this pink sweater," I told Janet.

Suddenly, I saw Carl coming towards us, a willowy blonde girl beside him, her arm linked in his. He was smiling down at her.

"Kim," he said when they were near. "This is Sylvia. She's been away at Barnard College. She lives in town. She's the reason I'm glad we moved here."

"Hello," I answered. "This is my friend, Janet." My sentence sounded strange and mumbled. Was that my voice? "Have to run. We're late."

I forgot about Janet until she said consolingly on the way home, "I'm sorry, Kim. But you shouldn't mind. You still have Frank."

"Frank!" I stopped in my tracks. "I haven't seen him since I met Carl. He *never* mattered! No one does but Carl! And it was nothing. All my dreams and poems were for nothing."

"Can't I help?" Janet asked at my door.

"Thanks, but not now. Just let me be alone for a while."

"All right, Kim," Janet answered. I watched her as she walked away, the afternoon sun at her back.

(please turn to page 62)

DONNY TALKS ABOUT MARR YOUN

THERE'S AN OLD SONG that goes, "Love and marriage, love and marriage/Go together like a horse and carriage." Well, horses and carriages may have been replaced by the automobile, but love still goes best with marriage. Donny Osmond knows that's true; he's seen five of his brothers marry the women they love. And now that Donny is 17, marriage isn't such a far-away prospect for him either. But then again, Donny isn't so certain that he would marry while still a teenager. There's a lot to be said for waiting until your 20s to get married, but there's something to be said for marrying young, too. So listen in while darling Donny talks pro-and-con about marrying young....

"Marriage is a subject that's never too far from my mind," says Donny. "Especially since this past year, when Alan and Suzanne, and then Wayne and Kathlyn, got married in beautiful ceremonies. But all of them were already grown-up, in their 20s, and the question here is whether or not to get married young, while still in your teens. From all my contacts with various people all over the world, I've seen that you face special problems marrying young. Being married always has its share of difficulties (I may be a romantic, but I try to be a realist, too), so it doesn't make too much sense to make it even harder. People go through a lot of changes from their teens to their 20s, and if you're married then, you have to go through those changes with your partner. So what happens if you change in opposite directions? I've heard of it happening to couples, and those changes can tear them apart. It's sad, but it's also something you should take into account if you're thinking of marrying before you're fully settled in life.

"The younger you are, the more influence your parents have in your life. So if you marry young, you have to contend with your in-laws a lot more. Now that isn't necessarily bad—some in-laws can be great—but too much pressure from the outside can ruin a marriage, or at least can make the young marrieds do things they don't really want to do. So you should think about your parents' (and his parents') reactions (and talk to them about it) before going down the aisle.

"Another thing to think about is: do you have enough money? Especially the way the economy is going nowadays, many young people find it hard enough to support themselves, let alone a partner. Now I admit, I'm lucky; I don't have those kind of problems, but money problems usually cause a lot of friction between people, and who wants that!? So, in general, getting married before you're financially stable is not too good an idea.

"You also should think about the responsibilities you have to take on when you get married. Life is very different for married folks than singles. You don't go out as much, or do the same things anymore, so you might feel isolated from your old friends, especially those who aren't married. Some people can take that, but a lot of people can't. When you're married, your responsibilities towards your spouse come first. Domestic life is more intense when you're married, so have you to ask yourself, 'Is that what I really want?' Be honest with yourself.

"Are you still in high school, or recently graduated, and thinking about weddings? In today's world, it can be just as important for a girl to go to college as a guy. Are you willing to sacrifice an education for marriage? Marriage can always come later, but education can be quite a burden to make up later; the longer you're away from school, the harder it is to get back. Now you might not be thinking at all of going to college, but there's still your career to think about. Don't you have great hopes for yourself? Don't you want to do things in life? Well, the independence you lose when you get married can get in the way of your dreams for yourself. To have a successful marriage, you have to be secure within yourself, separate from your partner. But if you jump directly from high school to married life, you usually don't have the time to build up your own identity.

"Okay, you're young, and you want to marry. You say you love your boyfriend, and ask, 'Isn't love reason enough to get married?' Well, yes and no. You should love the person you marry, but there has to be more. You should have common interests and aims in life (besides marriage itself), and you both should realize that marriage means you are bound to one another. Dating a lot of different people gives you a much better idea of what you really want and need in a husband or wife. That's why I like dating various girls. So ask yourself if that's something you want to give up

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just for marriage. And also ask yourself what, beyond love, are the reasons you want to marry. Is it just to get out of your parents' house? Or is it because you can't see anything else to do with your life? Those aren't very good reasons, so if you marry for poor reasons, that just adds extra weight on the marriage to begin with.

"Even with all the things I've had to say against marrying young, there still can be very valid reasons for marrying at an early age. It's not something you should rule out entirely. But it's not something you should jump into, either, without thinking it through thoroughly. I hope I have helped give you some direction on what to think about before getting married, but whatever you do, I sincerely hope and pray it's the best thing for you. Because that's what it all comes down to, making the best possible life for yourself. So, either way, good luck and good loving!"

Now that you've read what Donny O. thinks about marrying young, has it struck off any ideas in you? What do you think the best age for getting married is? Would you marry young, or wait awhile? Think about it. Marrying may be the most important thing you ever do in your life. Do it right!

YOUR PLANETARY PICTURE

"Your Planetary Picture" will be a regular feature in FOR TEENS ONLY. I will talk about three zodical signs in each issue, so if you don't read about your sign here, keep reading. I will get to *your* sign at the appropriate time of year. If you have any questions, send them to me along with your date of birth, year of birth, time of day (as close as possible) you were born, and place of birth. I will try to answer as many questions as possible. This issue, read about TAURUS (April 21-May 21), GEMINI (May 22-June 21), and CANCER (June 22-July 23).

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by DAVID HERMES

♉

TAURUS IS THE earth sign of spring, representing the basic stability of the planet Earth. While the previous sign, Aries, is the pioneer, Taurus is the settler, taking root, and building a home on the land. In fact, "roots", "building", and "home" are all keywords when talking about Taurus; a secret (or not-so-secret) dream of practically every Taurean is to own his or her own home someday. Just as Taurus comes during the time of year when "spring fever" is endemic, that same sort of languid laziness is usually ascribed to Taureans. But even though Taureans can very well be both lazy and stubborn, the better word to describe this side of them is "inertia"; that is, that which is not moving is hard to get moving and that which is moving is hard to stop, unless acted upon by some outside force (such as your mother telling you to clean up your room, when you might stop doing nothing and do it). Either way, people born under this 2nd sign of the zodiac are generally quite set in their ways, and aren't usually very changeable.

A Taurean will appear quite calm and patient, but underneath that placid exterior is a highly emotional, sensitive, sentimental being. If they can show those feelings to others, they will be better off for it. Taureans are dependable, loyal, and quite security-conscious. They like possessions, but they shouldn't let that become selfishness. Give rather than expecting to get!

In love, the Taurean is highly romantic, almost old-fashioned. They love flowers, kisses, and little hugs every once in a while. More than any other sign, Taurus likes to be touched. Physical warmth really turns them on. If you love a Taurean, do not try to deceive them, because the jealous side of their nature may make them explode like the proverbial charging bull.

Some good careers for the sign of Taurus, associated with the planet of love and art, Venus, are art (especially sculpture), music (especially singing), real estate, banking, farming, cooking (such as a chef), interior decorating, engineering (especially building homes), or any job that gives security. Once a Taurean has found his/her place in the world, he/she can be very productive.

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GEMINI IS THE air sign of spring, associated with the planet Mercury, representing communication and short-distance travel. Geminis are usually very talkative, and they move about quite a bit (even if they actually don't go anywhere). They love to share ideas and thoughts with others; this is one of their greatest stimulations. Gemini is the sign of the Twins, and this dualism in their natures makes them run hot and cold (or warm and cool, for Geminis rarely run to extremes). They like to take things apart to see what makes them tick, but they don't always put those things back together again. Putting things together again (integrating the two sides of their personalities) is something all members of this 3rd sign of the zodiac should learn how to do. But Geminis also like to make connections between things (and people), so this shouldn't be too hard for them to learn.

Geminis are friendly and adaptable, but this is sometimes only a surface thing. It is said that their emotions don't run very deep, but the truth of the matter is that they shy away from emotions too much of the time. Geminis would rather think than feel, but that doesn't mean they don't feel at all. The more a Gemini investigates his or her self (in addition to their natural investigations of the rest of the world), the more his or her feelings will rise to the surface.

In love, the Gemini is still friendly, but highly discriminatory. They look for the "perfect" love, but they should realize that "perfection" is only an ideal, not a reality. Before Gemini can love another, he/she has to be able to appreciate the other's intelligence. But if you can keep up with all the changes a Gemini goes through, you might be right for him (or her).

This sign works best in careers where they can use their versatility, such as writing, teaching, editing, or any other work that has to do with communication or travel. This sign is also associated with rhythm and melody, so they can become fine musicians (like Paul McCartney and Bob Dylan, both Geminis). Whatever they do, it can't be dull for Geminis!

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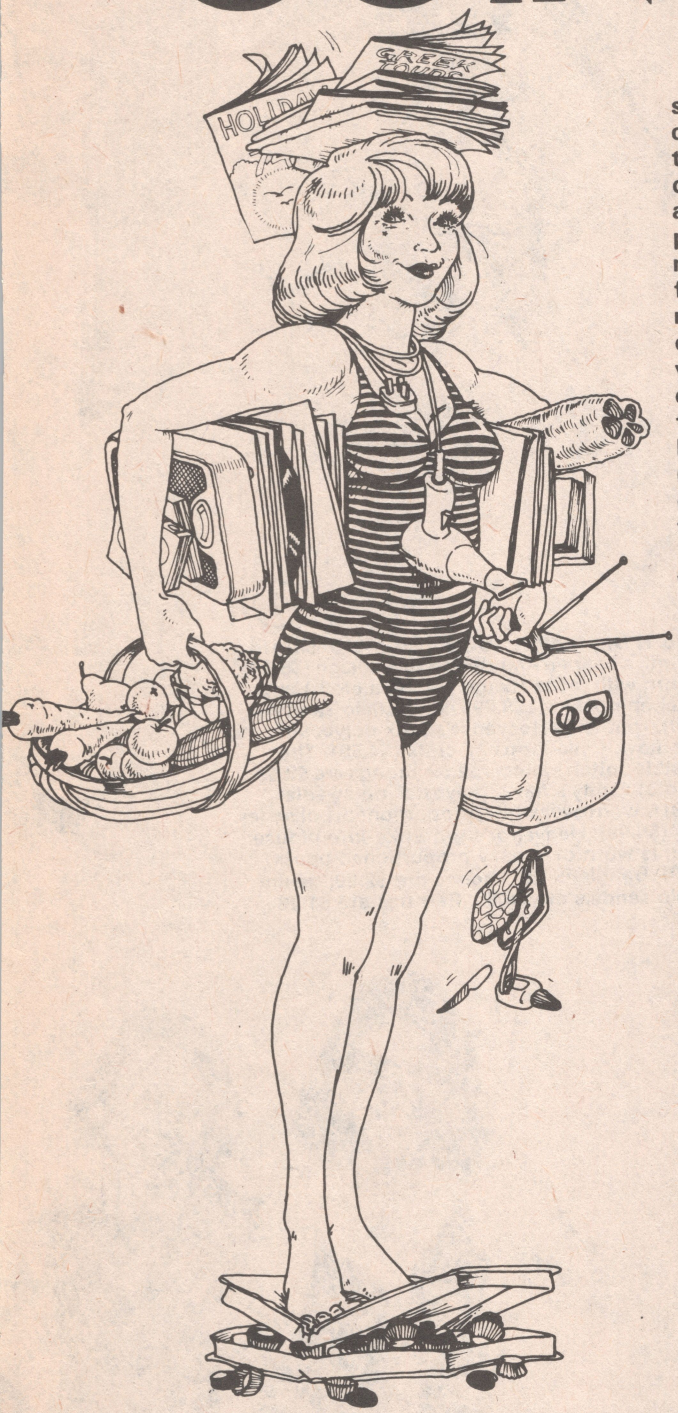
CANCER IS THE first sign of summer, a water sign, associated with the pale, reflective Moon. People born under this sign are more sensitive than people born under any other sign, but they often hide this sensitivity because they feel that others wouldn't understand it. Symbolized by the Crab, Cancerians have the same hard shells, but underneath that shell they can be as soft as mush (and they can be just as mushy and sentimental, too, as well as being crabby when they're in a bad mood). Cancerians are also big collectors; they usually hate to throw anything away. They save their memories, too, recalling the good events of the past to help them feel better when things are going poorly in the present.

Home and family are two keywords when talking about members of this 4th sign of the zodiac. Without a stable home, and people they feel close to, Cancerians feel lost. In fact, "feeling" dominates their lives much more than "thinking". If you want to find out what's going on in Cancer's mind, you should ask them what they're feeling, not what they're thinking. Because they have great imaginations and are highly sympathetic, close Cancerian friends would try to feel the same things that you are feeling.

In love, the Cancerians's sensitivity comes to the forefront. They can be super-responsive to anyone they love, answering (before it's even asked) to almost any need. But sometimes their sensitivity leads them to being insecure, and then they make too many demands of their lovers. They should try to realize that they can't make others prove their love; it can only come through time, patience, and giving. Security comes after love, not before it.

Careers having to do with the home, children, and emotions are perfect for Cancerians. Some of them are social work, dressmaking, the medical field, marriage counseling, interior decorating, real-estate work, or being a cook or a home economist. If she can, the Cancerian would prefer to work at home. Either way, a job that gives security is quite important for the sign of Cancer.

GOING AWAY?



WHAT TO BRING!

ONE OF THE JOYS of summer is all the free time you can have for traveling. But one of the bummers of traveling is deciding what to bring with you, and then packing it all away properly. It always seems, for most people, as if packing is left for the last minute, and then a mad scramble ensues to get it all done. It doesn't matter whether you're going away for a week-end, a week, or a whole month; for however long it is, you still have to get your things together (though obviously, you'd pack differently for a week-end at a friend's house than for a month in another country). There is a way to make packing your suitcase not only easy, but almost fun! How? Just follow these timely suggestions, and you'll fly away on your trip with the ease of a snow-white dove.

To begin with, you must plan ahead; rushing is likely to make anyone lose all her cool, and forget some important items. So a week or so before you're going to leave, start making a check list of things to pack (there'll be sample check lists later in this article). Leave note paper out in your room, and write down things you'll need as you remember them. That way, it's less likely that you'll leave anything behind. If all this planning and list-making sounds like a bit of a bore, remember this: it saves time and discomfort in the end. It may be a cliche, but it's better to be safe than sorry (and that goes, too, for items such as a first-aid kit; hopefully you won't need it, but it will be good to have if you do). Wouldn't it be a drag to get to the seashore and find out *then* that your forgot your favorite bikini?

At the same time that you're making out your list, you'll probably find that there are some items (such as clothes, toiletries, etc.) you'll have to buy or mend. Get that over with as soon as you can, in case there are adjustments or changes to be made before you leave.

Also while making up your list, eliminate anything that really isn't necessary. It may be a drag forgetting things, but it's even a bigger drag carrying around heavy baggage. So to make your load even lighter, try to get a fine lightweight suitcase or backpack (depending upon where you're going). If you don't own one, and can't afford to buy one, maybe you can borrow. If you're buying, dark colors are best (because they don't get dirty as easily), and sturdiness is more important than beauty. Try to get a suitcase with a lock, and if you have one, use it! It won't guarantee that nothing will be stolen, but it can help to deter some thieves. And one more thing—it's easier to carry 2 medium-size bags than 1 very large one.

To help pare down your check list to those essential items, choose blouses, skirts, and slacks that go well together, and are easy to mix and match. That way, you'll only have to carry along 2 of each (let's just say), but you'll still have 8 different outfits. Try to take along clothing that is easy to wash, dries quickly and that needs little or no ironing. Instead of taking along a half-dozen pairs of

(please turn to page 56)

Sparkling Sportswear FOR SUMMER!

FOR MORE FUN in the sun, try replenishing your closets with this sparkling sportswear for summer. The latest styles (at easy-budget prices) are available to you at selected Woolworth's Stores. You'll get the finest fashions at prices that won't make you flinch! So get it together this summer... in skirts, shirts, shorts, and ensembles just like the cute ones featured here for you. Have a great summer!

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(photo 1) Dig Cindy's cotton pull-over T-shirt in navy with a beaded American eagle design ($5.99). It's worn with jeans (beige painter's cloth) with pork chop pockets ($8.99) and buffalo sandals ($5.99). (photo 2) Heavenor's pink polyester shorts have triple loops 'n' cuffs ($4.59). The reversible cotton halter is $2.99; thongs are $2.99. (photo 3) Cindy's navy, polyester rib sweater ($7.99) is worn over white, proportioned, polyester pants ($9.99). Heavenor's red Enka-lure blouse ($7.99) is worn over navy proportioned pants ($9.99). Bangle is $1. Thongs are $2.99; denim buffalo sandals are $5.99. Earrings are $1.33.

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(photo 4) Heavenor is cool in this blue polyester and cotton midriff top ($1.99), worn with white proportioned pants ($9.99) and blue Tatami thongs with a design on them ($2.49). (photo 5) Cindy is classy in a mock-twin sweater ($6.99) made of washable polyester and acrylic. Her polyester A-line skirt ($6.99) has 4 gores and a back zip and comes in many prints. All accessories are from Woolworth's, too.

(photo 6) Each girl wears a comfortable jac-shirt made of 100% polyester warp knit ($5.77 each) over proportioned polyester pants ($9.99). Cindy accents her green shirt with a white mother-of-pearl necklace ($2.) and button earrings ($1.33). Heavenor adds blue rope beads and coral (each $1.33) and bangles (each $1.33) and tops it off with denim buffalo sandals ($5.99). Cindy's white thongs are $2.99. (photo 7) Cindy's red-bandanna-printed, peasant, midriff blouse is made of 50% cotton and 50% polyester ($4.99). She's wearing it with wrinkle-free, navy, proportioned, polyester pants ($9.99) and sand-colored, suede, leather crepe, wedge-sole, English moccasin sport boots ($9.99). What a comfortable outfit!

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Sparkling Sportswear FOR SUMMER!

(photo 8) Wow! Drawstring, hooded sweatshirts in double-knit polyester with front-zipper-closings and big patch-pockets ($8.99) each)! Cindy wears hers with white, double-knit, polyester, proportioned pants ($9.99); Heavenor wears hers with navy, rags denim pants ($8.99) with red, baseball stitching. Cindy's bandanna-printed bag with hemp strap and trim is $5.88. Heavenor's natural linen bag with hemp strap and trim is also $5.88. White thongs are $2.99 and sand-colored, suede, leather English moccasins with crepe wedge are $9.99. (photo 10) What a cute "Switchette" (reversible) halter Heavenor is wearing! It's made of cotton and polyester ($2.99) with a print on one side and a solid on the other. White, polyester, proportioned pants are $9.99. Buffalo sandals are $5.99. Natural linen bag with hemp strap and trim is $5.88. Bangle is $1.

(photo 9) Heavenor looks heavenly in this Qiana, long-sleeved, peasant blouse gathered at the neckline, waist, , and wrist ($8.99). It's worn with a 4-gore, A-line skirt with an oversized floral print ($6.99) and denim buffalo sandals ($5.99). The bangles are $1 each. Very summery!

(photo 11) Heavenor's mock-twin is made of 50% polyester and 50% cotton. The shell beneath is yellow and the printed top combines a fabulous design of blue, yellow, orange, and brown. The surplice front ties in a bow at the waist; the sleeves are gathered into a modified puff ($7.99). She's wearing it with navy, polyester, proportioned pants ($9.99), blue marbelized beads ($1.33), and denim-embroidered Tatami thongs ($2.49). (photo 12) Cindy looks simply terrific in a versatile sweater of navy-heather, polyester with ecru lace collar and edging on the V-neck and cuffs ($5.99). It's great with a whimsically-printed, 4-gore, 25" long skirt ($6.99) and denim bufffalo sandals ($5.99). Bangles are $1. each. As already stated, all the items shown on these four pages are available at selected Woolworth stores throughout the country. Have a great and great-looking summer!

All of their friends had boyfriends! So, naturally, Diane and Crazy-Gracie wanted boyfriends, too! They wanted to be popular in the worst way—and, ironically, things were happening in the "worst" way! How would it end up for them?

by LINDA ANN COPERSINO

"How come everybody we know has a boyfriend—except us?" moaned Diane to her best friend, Crazy-Gracie. "Bonnie finally snagged Tony, Sherry is wearing Larry's ring, and even mousey, little Marcie is seeing a lot of Greg. What have *they* got that we haven't got?"

"Whatever it is," replied Gracie, "we'd better get it—and get it fast! We're spending so many Saturday nights together that I was thinking of getting you an ankle bracelet for your birthday—'To Diane, Love, C.G.'—or something!"

"Very funny," said Diane sarcastically, "but surely there's another solution...."

"Hey, Di! I have it!" Crazy got off Diane's bed and stood up with a determined look on her freckled face. "We'll merge and combine our efforts! If each of us can't get a boyfriend alone, maybe *together* we'll have better luck. Instead of doing our usual Saturday-night-at-the-pizzeria-and-movies routine, we can start going to some dances Millard Fillmore High is always throwing. We'll start going to places together and we'll each help the other get a boy! Lots of guys go out in twos and threes looking for girls. *That's what we'll* do!"

"Great idea, Crazy! We'll start tonight. Boyfriends Inc. will hit the town! Do you want to go home and change? You can borrow something of mine if you like."

"No, Di—I think I'll go home for awhile. I want to look special, you know. Want to hit Fillmore High tonight? Or is something better going on?"

"Well, I know the bowling alley on 62nd Street is having a five-year-anniversary party. My father's league bowls there and he said they were having a lot of male teenage leagues dropping by. We can go to Fillmore's dance *any* Saturday."

"Yeah, yeah! That's a good place to start! I think I'm going to wear my red halter with my new jeans."

"Your halter! Wow! Won't you freeze in the air conditioning?"

"Sure I will!" winked Gracie. "But if I 'burn up' a few guys, it'll be worth it!"

They both giggled and went to Diane's closet to choose a terrific get-up for her. Then they decided to meet at 7:30 PM in front of the bowling alley.

At 7:40 PM Diane drove up, slouched down in the front passenger's seat with her scowling father behind the wheel. She got out wordlessly and slammed the door and he continued onto the parking lot. Gracie was already there waiting for her.

"Hiya, Di! What's with you?"

"My father! He's worse than anybody's *grand*father! Honestly! He made such a fuss about these pants, just because I gained a few pounds and they're a little tight around the hips. Then he started yelling because my blouse is a little short and it doesn't reach the pants' waistband. My belly-button only shows a little." She unbuttoned her jacket. "Does it look funny?"

"No! I think you look great!"

"So do you!" agreed Diane. "Well—let's go get 'em!"

Once inside, Gracie spotted a guy from her Geometry class, talking with another boy by the lockers. She nudged Diane and they both straightened their posture and walked in the boys' direction.

"Hi, Sandy!" bubbled Gracie, not waiting for him to finish his conversation. "I want you to meet a friend of mine. Diane, this is Sandy."

"Hel-looo, Sandy!" sparkled Diane with her best smile. "Crazy has told me so much about you!"

This was unlikely since Sandy *barely knew* Gracie. He looked blankly from girl to girl, murmured a garbled,

BOYFRIENDS WANTED... NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

"Well, uh, um—we gotta be going," and steered his friend toward the alleys. Before he walked away, he gave one final stare to Diane's bare stomach. Diane crossed her arms across her waist self-consciously, the smile frozen on her face. "What went wrong?"

"Must be stuck-up!" offered Crazy with a shrug. "Most blonds are. Well, if at first you don't succeed, try again!" She grabbed Diane's arm and propelled her towards the lanes. Then Diane spotted a boy from her homeroom class. He wore thick glasses and thicker braces—and she never exchanged a word with him all term. But what a cute guy he was with! They were sitting at the snackbar, eating hamburgers. She gave Gracie a significant nod and they marched over in unison. Diane had to think a minute to remember his name, according to the homeroom rolecall. "Adams, Blakely, Carwood, De Santis, Forrest—Michael Forrest!"

"Hiya, Michael! How ya doing?" shouted Diane heartily, as soon as they were in hearing distance. "I didn't know you like to bowl!" They sat down on stools right opposite the boys.

"Hello, Diane," he replied slowly, with a puzzled look on his face. "I didn't know you even *knew my name.* You never spoke to me in class."

"Oh, yeah, well—uh, I never got a chance before, that's why! I'd like you to meet my best friend, Crazy-Gracie. She goes to Fillmore, too."

"Hello, Gracie. And this is my friend, Tom Martin."

"Well!" said Diane, with a true social director's tone. "Now that we've all met, maybe you'd like to bowl with us. It would be fun!"

The boys exchanged embarrassed glances, but just then two skinny brunettes walked over and saved them the trouble of replying.

"Sorry I was so long, Tom," the taller girl said, kissing him on the cheek. "Are we going to bowl with two more couples?"

"Oh—Nancy! No, these are just two chicks—all by themselves—from Michael's school. Come on. Our lane is number 41. So long, girls. Nice meetin' you." Michael nodded, too, to signify "goodbye" and followed Tom and Nancy with his date. Diane stuck her tongue out at their retreating backs.

"'Two chicks from Michael's school!' I hope all his balls end up in the gutter!"

"Looks like those two chicks they're with were *starving* in the gutter. Did you see that skinny face on Tom's girlfriend?!" Crazy sucked in her cheeks comically and squinted her eyes. But Diane was too angry and embarrassed to laugh, as she would have normally done at Crazy's mimicking.

"Maybe we'll have better luck with guys neither one of us knows," she suggested, sizing up the groups at each alley.

"You mean," asked Gracie, "just walk up to *any* guy?"

"Sure! Why not?" Diane's angry defiance gave her some momentary courage.

"Okay," agreed Gracie uncertainly. She didn't want to show Diane that she wasn't a good sport.

"How about those two on alley 13?"

"Lucky 13! Okay, Diane, let's go!" She thought they were pretty cute-looking.

As they approached lane 13, one of the guys spotted them and, although the boys looked older up close than they did from afar, the girls felt too awkward to retreat. They had been spotted. The curly-haired one was staring straight at Diane's belly-button. He stood up and boldly put his arm around her as soon as she reached their lane. "Hello, beautiful! Well, this lane must have brought me luck. I just bowled 220 and now you're here to cheer on my second game. My name's Batch; this here's Vince. What's *your* name, honey?" His breath smelled strongly of beer and cigarettes. Diane squirmed uncomfortably under his sweaty arm. She noticed, to her suprise, that he had a tattoo on his other arm. She never knew anyone with a tattoo before!

"Oh—um, my name's Diane Adams—and this is my friend, Crazy-Gracie Calloway."

"'Crazy', huh?" laughed the guy named Vince. "What are you 'crazy' about—handsome guys?" He had a deep, sensuous voice and a laugh that made you feel he was insulting you.

The girls exchanged helpless looks. They knew they had really let themselves in for this one. But just then, alley 13 brought *them* some luck. Diane's father, exiting from the men's room, spotted them. When he saw whom they were with, he gave his daughter a stern look as if to say, "You see what kind of boy you attract when you dress like a go-go dancer!"—and he walked directly towards alley 13. Diane, in spite of her former annoyance with her father, was relieved to see him and gave him a big wave. "It's my father!" she *(please turn to page 50)*

AN EYE-FUL OF

IF "THE EYES are the mirrors of the soul", then what do *your* eyes reveal about the inner you? Some girls are so expert at "talking" with their eyes, that they get *more said* that way than other girls can *ever* say verbally. Eyes can be fascinating, spell-binding, vivacious, alluring, sensuous, frankly flirty—or frankly dull. You must learn to make the most of your eyes! You must also learn to take care of your eyes so that you *can* make the most of them. Well-taken-care-of eyes are not only very beautiful features...but they are also the guardians of your most precious sense: sight! What fantastic things people miss when they don't see well...or when they can't see at all! Learn how to keep your eyes in tip-top shape. Most girls know about the *cosmetic care* they can give their eyes, but how many of you also know about the *preventive care* and the *organic care* you should give your eyes? Well, now you'll get an eye-ful of eye secrets...so look this way! It's worth more than a glance.

"PREVENTIVE"

PREVENTIVE EYE CARE

Especially during the summertime, the eyes take a tremendous beating. In most states, the sun is at its brightest now—sparkling in the sky, twinkling on the ocean, and reflecting off the sand. Make sure you protect your eyes by never going into the sun without a good pair of sunglasses. And, if you wear glasses all the time, make sure you have your prescription checked out regularly. If you can't see as well as you used to, have an eye exam. One clue that tips you off is squinting, which is very bad for the entire eye area. Squinting distorts the area and causes wrinkles and unsightly lines. If you are *always* squinting, then maybe you need glasses. Check it out. But some girls squint even if they don't need to wear glasses. Sometimes, it's just a bad habit. But if you could see yourself the way others see you, you'd see what an unattractive distortion squinting gives to your whole face. Try to be aware of facial habits (excessive frowning, squinting, blinking, et cetera) and try to curtail them.

Just as too much sunlight can hurt the eye, too little indoor light is equally harmful. Make sure, whenever you're reading, sewing, watching television, or doing a project, that you have adequate, direct lighting. There are people who (for some strange reason) watch TV in a dark room, lit peculiarly only by the bluish glow of the television. Don't let this be you! It's very harmful to the eyes to view TV this way, as it also is harmful to view extremely close up to the set. It's much easier to protect your eyes, while they're still healthy, than it is to care for them once they've been weakened! Similarly it is much easier to protect your eyes so that you won't get wrinkles, than it is to make the existing wrinkles disappear once they're there.

If you have wrinkles around your eyes (or to prevent wrinkles from forming), remember that the entire eye area responds well to moisturizing. Examine your eye area closely in a mirror. Notice that this area is very different from the rest of your face: it has no pores! That's why it never breaks out with pimples, too. There are no pores to clog. But, even so, this area is much more delicate than the rest of your

EYE SECRETS

skin. It should always be treated gently...whether you are washing, removing make-up, applying a skin cream, or removing an impurity from the eye. *Never,* never rub or stretch the skin around the eye area. Handle that area especially gently. Keep the area well-lubricated, too. If you're just at home (and not planning to go out), remove your eye make-up and cleanse the area. Then apply a high quality moisturizer, such as Lucille Bouchard's Mink Eye Creme (jar of creme) or Mink Face Oil (bottle of wrinkle-proofing oil). Remember: whatever moisturizer you use, *never* rub it in. Apply it gently. Also, never leave an excess of it on your eyelids. Your eyelashes will pick up the unabsorbed creme and carry it into your eye—where it becomes an irritant. Blot up the excess creme with a tissue *always*!

Eyelid care is very important—even if you haven't started to wear eye make-up yet. Eyelids are beautiful when they glow with health and natural beauty...yet many girls suffer from extremely dry skin in this area. That can be painful...as well as unattractive. Use the above-mentioned rich moisturizers before you go to bed or when you are hanging around the house not expecting company. But, *under* your eye make-up, you should always wear a lubricant. Mink Mist Elegance is the perfect thing, since it has enough moisture to lubricate the entire eye area...yet it is completely absorbed so that it will not interfere with your application of eye make-up. Often, eye make-up contains its own drying agents—so make sure your eyes are beautifully protected.

"ORGANIC"

ORGANIC EYE CARE

No eye make-up looks well when eyes are bloodshot, tired-looking, or lack-luster. Madame Bouchard is a nationwide authority on beauty and she always advises teens to be sure they wash out their eyes. You may wash your hair, your face, your body several times a week; but how often do you wash out your eyes? Yet, the eyes are constantly getting pollutants blown into them—and particles in the eye irritate! One way to wash out your eyes is to keep them open the next time you give yourself a steam facial. Leave your eyes open and let the pure, soothing vapors cleanse them. You'll finish your facial with clearer skin—*and* eyes!

Even if you are getting enough sleep, eyes often look tired by the evening. What if you've been on your feet all day—but you want a quick pick-me-up before your heavy date? Here's a trick that never fails! Take a bagful of chamomile leaves (either brew some tea first or simply dunk the bag in hot water), wet the bag in very warm water (as hot as you can stand it), and then lie down, placing one bag in the hollow of each eye. Keep them on until the bags cool off (or until they dry up), then rinse your eyes with clear, cool water. Now: admire them! What a new sparkle they have! If you don't have time to lie down for ten minutes (although a quick lie-down is a pick-up, too), then wash your eyes out with boric acid solution...one at a time...in an eye-cup. Or apply the boric acid solution to your eyes (warm solution, please) on cotton pads placed in the hollow of each eye. Soooooo soothing!

Do you have bags under your eyes? If you do, you can minimize them with this neat trick. Refrigerate a bottle of witch hazel overnight. Then soak cotton pads in a bowl of

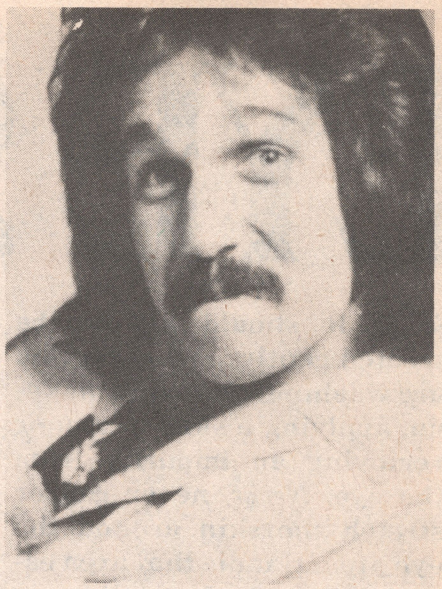
(please turn to page 61)

HUDSONS, DAVID, VINCE AND HENRY ...

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT summertime is the best time for love. School is out; you have time for yourself; and the days are warm and long. There's nothing to get in the way of love except....

If you have a few "excepts" running through your mind, if you have any doubts about your chances of making this summer the loveliest summer in your life, continue reading. Because David Cassidy, Vince Van Patten, Henry Winkler, and Mark, Bill, and Brett Hudson will give you their super-hints on making your summer love the best ever. It's good advice from six great guys!

"MAKE YOUR SUMMER LOVE THE BEST!"



MARK HUDSON

"I love the summer; it's the best time to go out, meet new people, and fall in love. But those things don't happen by themselves; you have to do something about it! Are you a shy person? Believe it, or not, I used to be very shy myself. But I found that my shyness was just a form of self-centeredness. That is, I was so worried that everybody else was thinking and talking about me, that I never bothered to think or talk about anybody else. After a while, I practically couldn't speak to another person without getting scared or nervous. I didn't know what do do, but my older brother, Bill, pointed out to me that I only talked about my things, never about his or my younger brother's, Brett. So I began to be more concerned about others, not just my brothers, and most of my nervousness went away. I still can be kinda shy, but now I use it to my own advantage. I don't worry about talking about myself; I ask questions about the other person instead. That way, they're the center of attention, not me. It's a lot easier to meet people that way, and a lot more fun, too!"

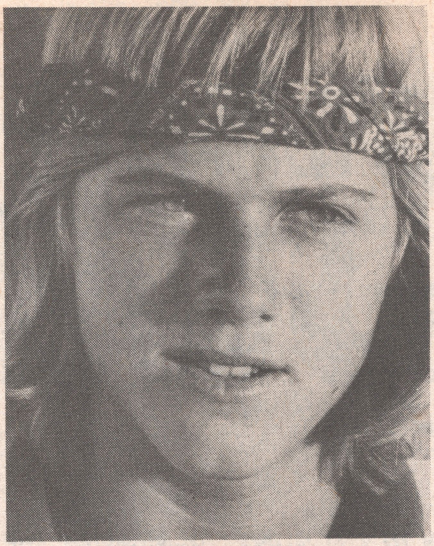
BILL HUDSON

"Winter is my fave season, but I've fallen

in love more during the summer than any other time. I guess that's because love and summer go together, like peanut butter and jelly or Jack and Jill; a regular pair. But you have to put love into your summer; it doesn't come automatically. But since you have a lot of free time during the summer, that shouldn't be too hard. Use your time to get involved in some group or activity that really interests you. Groups and organizations are great places for meeting people, people who have similar interests and ideas as you. Join a swimming or boating club (or start one of your own); join a theater group or a chorus; or volunteer your services to a hospital or other community organization. Those are just some examples; I'm sure you can think of some of your own. Nevertheless, my point is that it's rough meeting guys if you only hang-out by yourself or with only a few old friends. Which doesn't mean you shouldn't hang-out, but you should do more than that if you want a good chance of meeting your summer love."

BRETT HUDSON

"If you've seen me on TV, or heard me on records, you probably realize that I'm a 'clown' a lot of the time. It doesn't matter what season it is, but summertime still gives me more of a sense of freedom, and so I feel more free to act the clown then. Now a lot of girls find it very attractive; I mean laughter really brings people together. So how can that help you, especially if you're not a clown yourself? Well, you don't have to be a funny-man (or a funny-girl) to have love and laughter in your life. What you do have to be is a person who's open to new experiences, who can find joy and humor in almost anything. And the way to do that is by opening up to the good things of summertime. I mean it's so sunny, bright and glorious, how can you not dig it? Smile when you see or meet people; they're bound to smile back at you. As the song goes, 'If you smile at me, I will understand, 'cause that is something everybody everywhere does in the same language.' And smiles are the beginning of laughter, and laughter can be the start of a great loving relationship."

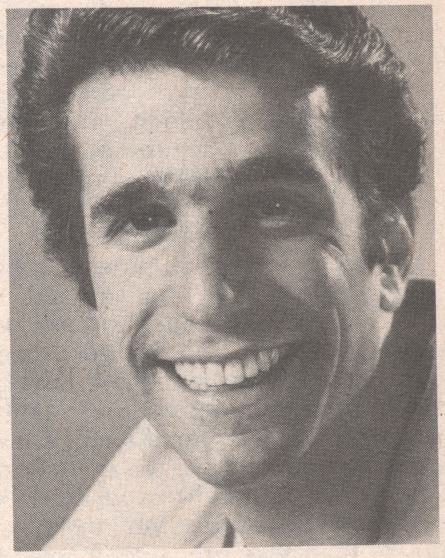


VINCE VAN PATTEN

"Since I still go to school, I love summer more than any other season. I can play more tennis every day, play golf, and I can go swimming whenever I feel like it. And I love to do those things with a girlfriend. I get to meet a lot of girls in my life, and I've found that I don't particularly care what the color of her hair is, how tall or short she is, how she dresses, or any other specific thing like that. What I do care about (and what turns me off) are girls who are loud, pushy, or aggressive. Even guys like that are a bummer. I like to cooperate with people, but that's almost impossible to do when someone's coming on heavy to me. And I don't think I'm the only guy who feels that way. So my super-summer-love-hint for you is to be cool and relaxed. I think girls who are calm and easy-going are very attractive, and I would date them, or take them for a ride in my MG, any old time. Of course, that doesn't mean that I like girls who are only easy-going, and who have nothing else going for them. Actually, the thing that's most important to me is having common interests with a girl. If we can't do fun things together, what can we do?"

DAVID CASSIDY

"Falling in love is something I never intend to stop doing, 'cause it makes me feel so wonderful! So wonderful, in fact, that I'd love to share with you some of my suggestions on making this coming summer one filled with love. First of all, you have to be yourself. People get turned off by people who put on airs or who act phony. So be open and honest with any guys you meet whom you like, and there's a good chance they'll open up to you. My second suggestion is that you should do all those romantic things (such as long, late-night, intimate phone calls or little, surprise, hand-made gifts) that help girls and guys fall in love. Just as much as digging each other, it's the little things you can do that keep love growing. The third thing I'd like to recommend to you is to be aware of people other than your lover. I've seen too many people (including myself at times) who create their own little world with their girlfriend or boyfriend, and so they don't have room or time for anything or anybody else. If love is really real, then it's something you would want to share with others (by being loving people), rather than keeping it all to yourselves. Anyway, I hope you have a great, love-filled summer."



HENRY WINKLER

"I just read what Vince had to say about easy-going girls, and I have to disagree with him. I don't care so much about a girl's looks either, but I care more about warmth and passion rather than being cool and calm. I'm a very intense person (perhaps because I'm a Scorpio), and I like girls to match me in intensity. I don't even mind an argument or two once in a while, but the girl should realize (as I do) that an argument doesn't mean the end of anything. I like girls who know themselves very well, because from self-knowledge comes security, and security is at the base of any good relationship. But how do you start a good relationship, and what can you do to make it grow? In my mind, the key to love is being able to give of yourself, and that means time and energy as well as any material items. As The Beatles sang, 'The love you take is equal to the love you make.' If you like a guy, and like to do things with him, there's no reason you shouldn't give as much as you can. But, obviously, it can't be a one-way street, and you have the right to expect similar from him. Whatever happens, summertime is a lovely time, so do your best, and love, hopefully, will come your way."

DON'T LET... SUMMER SKIN....

FUN IN THE SUN. Reach for your beach bag and get going so that this year's tan will top any of the other tans you've ever had! But—wait! Are you prepared to have a healthy, rich, dark glow—or will you throw all caution to the summer wind and risk a deadly, skin-damaging burn? If you'd prefer the first choice, then read on!

Summer sun (in most states) is the hottest sun of the year. But whether or not the day is sunny, hazy, windy, or cloudy, you can get a devilish burn before you realize what's happening. Just because you can't see the sun, that doesn't mean that Old Sol can't see you! You'd be surprised if you knew how strong the sun's rays were on a hazy day. You can burn in no time, even if it's not bright enough outside to merit your sunglasses. So, unless you're only a summer evening firefly, then take precautions whenever you venture out. Wear a sun-screen or sun-shade if you have fair skin. Even if you never had freckles on your face, you may wind up with the most hideous, sun-damaged, freckled skin you ever saw—on your back, your chest, and your arms, especially. So beware! Sun-damage is often permanent—and you may not find those freckles so alluring when you're wearing your first strapless gown for your cousin's winter wedding! You may think back to the days when your smooth, ivory-colored back was your best feature—and be ready to kick yourself whenever you see those freckles. So think ahead, and don't let it happen to you!

Even if you're not so fair-skinned, the sun can still be damaging to your skin. Almost everyone has a certain amount of melanin in their skin (it's what gives your skin pigment, unless you're an albino). When people have freckles on their face and body, it's because they are deficient in melanin; the deficiency shows up in "freckled" irregularity. Melanin is reproduced regularly in your body, but after a day in the sun, your body has to work extra-hard to produce what the sun's rays have killed. As you grow older, your body reproduces less of this moisturizing agent (melanin), which is why older people who have been in the sun and weather a lot during their lives look dried-up, wrinkled, and weather-beaten. They have used up their supply of melanin and never bothered to replace it by applying moisturizers. Surely you want to keep your skin looking smooth and nice for as long as you can. So make sure that—as the sun takes the moisture and softness out of your skin—you keep replacing moisture by applying baby oil, skin softeners, and moisturizers to your whole body all during the year (but particularly in the summer).

When you're at the beach, on a picnic, playing tennis, or swimming in a pool, remember to apply suntan lotion frequently to your body. The lotion comes off as you sweat, lie down on a blanket, and always when you go in the water. Re-apply as necessary and unsparingly. It's your precious skin you're protecting! And when you go home, put a moisturizer in your bath and/or generously rub on some silky lubricant after your bath or shower. Mmmmmmm! You'll look as dark, smooth, and appealing as a chocolate kiss!

If you have to be out in the sun for a very long time (whether for work or for pleasure), cover up the most sensitive areas of your body either with clothing (as with your arms) or with special zinc oxide creme (as with your nose). Don't be so eager to have a suntan that you'll risk anything! If you don't think there's anything worse than a "pale face", then picture a red, boiling, peeling-lobster-look—itchy, unhealthy, and uncomfortable. Yuuuuck! If you have been silly or unlucky (pick one) enough to get a bad sunburn, buy a medicinal ointment for this purpose, see your doctor (if you're really peeling terribly), and avoid the sun until your skin heals. Sunburn is no joke.

Have a safe, healthy, fun-filled summer. And bring a glowing, smooth, well-cared-for skin right into the autumn with you! Be sun sensible!

R'S HEAT GET YOU BERT!

ARE YOU ONE of those girls who becomes a summer streaker? That is, do you stay in the sun for several hours at a stretch trying to let the sun streak your hair attractively? Sun-streaks are attractive; dry, brittle, sun-damaged hair is not. What can you do to protect your hair in the summer—to get the full benefit of the sun without the sun's damage?

First of all, you must decide what you want from the sun. Do you want it to lighten your hair? Do you want it to streak your hair? Or do you want your hair to stay the color it is? (Remember: in the case of bleached or dyed blonde hair, the sun can actually turn the hair a ghastly green—guard against all sun exposure!) If you want your hair to remain the color it is, then cover your hair with a perky, flattering, colorful scarf or buy a big, floppy, flirty hat. There are so many attractive ones around in stores this time of year! If you want the sun to lighten your hair, then leave it exposed when you're out in the morning—but never near noon or in the hottest part of the day (from 11 AM until 3 PM); cover it up then or you may wind up with sun poisoning or sunstroke. If you want the sun to streak your hair, leave only those strands exposed which you want sun-bleached. (This may be difficult to do unless you're sun-bathing in your backyard or at a friend's house.) But don't leave your entire scalp exposed—only those few strands which you want bleached.

Remember that the sun can be the enemy of your hair and skin this time of year. If you don't want your crowning glory to look like a haystack by the time September rolls around, then replace those oils the sun has been depleting. Unless you have extremely oily hair (the kind that needs to be washed once a day), then use a conditioner and a moisturizer on your hair in conjunction with your shampoo. Mayonnaise, baby oil, and olive oil are all inexpensive household items that will "naturally" re-condition hair that has been stripped of essential oils. To use mayonnaise as a conditioner, wash your hair, apply mayonnaise and work in well into the scalp and ends of the hair, then rinse out well, and re-shampoo. Dry and set as usual. To use baby oil or olive oil as a conditioner, work into the scalp well before you shampoo, apply a heat-cap, then (after twenty minutes) apply powder to your hair and brush out all the oil you can. Then shampoo as usual—shampooing until you get the oil's residue out.

If you'd prefer to buy a commercial hair conditioner remember that if it says rinse out, it is virtually useless. The conditioning you'll get with a rinse-out product is merely cosmetic—not penetrating or lasting. And such a conditioner will only attract dust and grime to each hair shaft precisely because it coats each hair shaft instead of penetrating it. Thus, rinse-out conditioners can even add to the damage you've already received on your hair from the sun's rays. Be careful before you spend your money; read all labels carefully to make sure you're getting what you've paid for!

If you've been using shampoo for "normal" hair up until now, maybe you'd be better off switching (just for July and August) to a shampoo for "dry" hair. That's to make sure that the detergent-quality in the shampoo doesn't further strip out essential oils. If you think you're not doing a good enough conditioning job at home—and your hair is looking dry, lackluster, and brittle—then invest in a trip to your local beauty parlor. Let them give you a scalp treatment, scalp massage, and conditioning. It's better than cutting all that dead-looking hair off if you can avoid that!

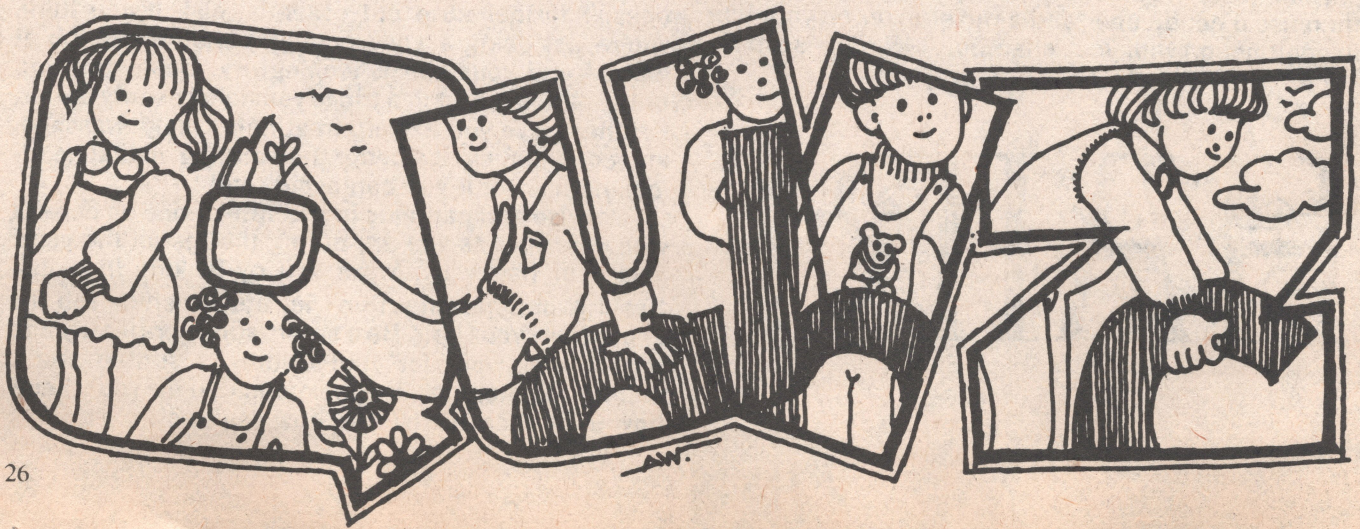
Be wise and cautious in the sun—twice as careful with your hair as you are during the rest of the year. And your hair will reward you by looking luscious, healthy, and glowing. Don't let the sunshine rob the shine from your hair. Be a smart-summer-beauty and let the sun work for you! Getting a suntan and a sun-hair-lightening is inexpensive—if you know how to do it correctly! And now you know!

HAIR....

QUIZ QUIZ QUIZ

THERE'S MORE TO being grown up than meets the eye! While getting taller, losing "baby fat", buying a first brassiere, growing more body hair, and developing curves all herald a newer maturer you, that's not the whole story. To be truly grown up means that *your attitudes* and *your emotions* have developed as well as your body. To be truly grown up means that you have started to be less selfish (less concerned with yourself) and have started to develop more consideration for others' needs. To be truly grown up means that you have stopped taking-taking-taking from your parents (and friends) and have learned the joy of giving-taking-giving-taking. Maybe you have a girl in your class who has gotten so tall that she towers over everyone and whose curves make all the boys turn their head whenever she walks by. And yet this same girl only has to open her mouth and start talking for everyone to know that she's not as old (or mature) as she looks; emotionally she's still a baby. The effect is incongruous and startling—but it's not that unusual. Many teens mature physically way before they grow up mentally and emotionally. This quiz'll tell you if (no matter what your scale, tape measure, and underwear tell you) you are really, really, really grown up. Mark down your answers—then check out your score on page 57. Be honest!

ARE YOU REALLY GROWN UP?



(1) Your father is very old-fashioned when it comes to certain house-rules. For example, he gets home from work at 6:00 PM and he wants everyone seated around the dinner table, waiting to eat. But that's the best time for your boyfriend, Greg, to call you before he goes off to his part-time job. Everytime he calls during supper hour, your father hits the roof. What do you do?

(a) ignore him and let your mother pacify him, while you continue to rap to Greg
(b) work something out with Greg where you telephone each other at a later time
(c) explain to your father that this is the only time you can speak to Greg—but that it won't happen every night and you will keep it short-and-sweet
(d) apologize to your family everytime it happens—but say nothing to Greg about calling you during another hour

(2) The May-Day Dance is the biggest event in your school and it's one dance that no one goes to unescorted. Rather than be stuck date-less, you accept Charlie's invitation to go to the dance. Then, two days before the dance, Edward—your dream man—calls and asks you to go with him. If you don't go, he may never ask you out again. And what a triumph to be seen with Edward at the dance! You think a minute, then decide to

(a) go with Charlie because you promised and explain this to Edward; if he *doesn't* understand, he's not much of a great-date himself
(b) call up Charlie and try to weasel out of the date; if you can, you'll go there with Edward
(c) go with Charlie, turn down Edward, and sulk about it all night long
(d) stand up Charlie and go out with Edward—but not to the dance because you might be spotted there by Charlie's friends

(3) Your cousin is staying with you until her mother gets out of the hospital. You're the same size and she has much better clothes than you do. But she doesn't really like you borrowing her things. You insist that either she lets you wear what you want or you won't get her dates with your boyfriend's friends. She calls you "immature". You think it over and decide

(a) she's right—and you hold a grudge against her for the rest of your life
(b) she's right—and you apologize; what a silly thing for you to say
(c) she's wrong—and you spend several days cooking up ways to get even with her (fixing her up with "creeps" maybe)
(d) she's wrong—but she's your cousin so you *force* yourself to be nice and sweet to her

(4) You're babysitting for two young children. Their parents are at a party and have left you the number. You're watching TV when you hear screams from the bedroom. The baby has apparently cut his mouth on something—but it doesn't look very serious. You decide to

(a) diagnose it yourself; you've studied first aid
(b) call up your mother and have her come over—just in case
(c) give the baby something to pacify him, then phone the parents
(d) call a local medic-by-phone number and see how much you can do yourself before you call anybody else

(5) You've been dating David for three months. You haven't told him that you go out with other guys occasionally and he hasn't talked to you about other girls. If he dates others, you'd rather not know. Then you spot him when you're downtown shopping with your best friend. David's got his arm around another girl and they look pretty "close". You feel kind-of bad about this, especially when you think your girlfriend may have spotted them, too. The next time David telephones you

(a) say nothing, even though you hurt inside; you're really not going steady, after all
(b) tell him you saw him with a girl and ask him if he likes her better than he likes you
(c) tell him you saw him with a girl and, although it shouldn't bother you, it really does—and ask him if you could both talk it over a little; maybe that will make you feel better
(d) tell him you want to break up; your pride won't let you even tell him why

(6) You've just started to date Jimmy. You don't really know him that well, but he seems like a nice guy. Then you run into your friend, Maria. When she hears about Jimmy she tells you that he's really a terrible person! He got a girl into trouble, he used to stay with a bad crowd, and his older brother was in jail once! You're shocked. The next time Jimmy calls you say

(a) "Goodbye!"
(b) "I've heard a lot of disturbing gossip about you. I'm not holding it against you but I think we should talk about it!"
(c) "I don't think we're right for each other!"
(d) "Someone told me a lot of things about you and I'd like to know how much of it is true! I'm really angry!"

(7) Your mother comes home from work with a terribly sprained ankle. She's hobbling around the kitchen trying to get dinner. You don't know how to cook; in fact, you can burn water! You want to be of some use to her but you don't know what to do. You

(a) decide that the best thing to do is go to your room and stay out of her way
(b) talk her into not cooking; you'll all order in some fried chicken or something
(c) ask her to please sit down, in the kitchen, and direct you so that you can start cooking—or do as much as you can, anyway
(d) wait until the rest of the family gets home, then make a make-shift supper with your father, sister, and brother all cooking different little things—just like an indoor picnic

(8) After going out with Nickie for two years, you both started to take each other for granted. But you were content with the *status quo;* the relationship wasn't exciting but it was comfortable. You were very shocked, therefore, when Nickie told you he wanted his ring back. You couldn't believe it! You feel like going in a corner somewhere and crying! You try to get your head together, then you contact Nickie and

(a) ask him to please give you another chance; you'd like to try to make your relationship work out
(b) ask Nickie exactly why he broke up with you—and evaluate fairly how much of it was *your* fault; then ask him if you could try to change and if he would try to change
(c) blame the whole thing on him and try to make him feel guilty; you feel terrible and he should, too
(d) cry piteously until he promises to give you another chance

(9) It's been a year since you broke up with Bobby but *he* broke up with *you* and you've never quite forgiven him for that. Each time you see a new girlfriend of his, you're tempted to say something nasty to her about Bobby. This is unreasonable, you know, but somehow you just can't help it. The best way to deal with this—you now decide—is to

(a) get this anger out of your system and *say something* vicious to one of these girls the next time you see her
(b) write Bobby a letter and tell him how mad you are at him and how you've never forgiven him
(c) write Bobby the above letter, pour out all your anger and frustration—and then tear it up and throw it away; it's therapeutic
(d) gossip about Bobby so that no nice girl would date him

(10) Although you and Sharon have been best friends for several years, you are drifting apart. She goes to an all-girl school and doesn't date boys. You go to a co-ed school, date boys, and are planning to go on to college. Every time she calls you, you make some excuse not to see her. Finally, you realize that it's time for another tactic. You

(a) honestly, but politely, tell Sharon that you really have grown far apart from her and that that's the reason you don't call her; it's not her fault but that's the way it is
(b) tell her that you have a new set of friends and that she just wouldn't fit in; be diplomatic about it
(c) explain that you date a lot and can't go out with her anymore; you just don't have the time to
(d) try to arrange one last date with her—to tell her "goodbye" in a memorable way

(please turn to page 57)

Smashing make-up Styles

SUMMERTIME MEANS summer tan. That also means that you can't make-up your face in exactly the same way you do the rest of the year. If you have a great tan, accentuate it with bright pastel lips and smashing eye colors. Our model has made up her tanned face with TUSSY's budget-priced line of fine cosmetics. Now you can do the same! Have a new, smashing make-up style to go with the "new" summertime you. Remember: summer comes only once a year! Enjoy it while making yourself beautiful!

STEP 2: Allow the MOISTURE LOTION to remain on your skin for about 30 seconds. Then dot your nose, chin, forehead and cheeks with TUSSY DARK GOLDSHINE LIQUID MAKE-UP. This light and free-flowing foundation gives even coverage. It's good for reviving the appearance of a fading or uneven tan.

STEP 1: The beginning of every great make-up look is a clean face. To help remove dirt and grime, try TUSSY SUPER CLEANSING CREAM and afterwards—wipe your skin with TUSSY DRY SKIN FRESHENER. Protect your skin from hot, dry summer weather by smoothing TUSSY MOISTURE LOTION on your face. Now you're ready for make-up!

STEP 3: To blend DARK GOLDSHINE LIQUID MAKE-UP, use your clean fingertips. The make-up spreads easily and (as its name suggests) it gives a gold-flecked finish. Remember to blend it all the way out to your hairline and under your chin for a smooth, professional look.

STEP 4: Here's a good look at applying color for a natural-looking blush. Pick up a small amount of TUSSY TAWNY CHEEK COLOR and stroke it along the cheekbones. Be sparing in your use of this creamy blusher! If you want to make the color more intense, apply a second coat. (It's easier than to remove!) Remember to blend the edges.

STEP 7: Give your mouth the same careful attention you gave to the rest of your face. Carefully outline it with the tip of TUSSY WARM PINK GOLDSHINE LIPSTICK; then fill it in with the side of the lipstick.

STEP 5: When you smooth on TUSSY BLUE CREME EYE SHADOW, again use a light hand. Alway treat this area with care; it's a very delicate part of the face. Spread the creamy pastel color over the lids and contours of the eye.

STEP 6: TUSSY WATERPROOF MASCARA is protein-enriched and makes lashes look super-thick and enviably lush. The easiest and most effective way to apply mascara is to look down into a mirror and apply a light coat. You may only need to apply one coat...or you may want the added thickness of a second coat. Just make sure your lashes are dry for a little while before you apply a second coat. Also, never load the mascara wand—as this will result in smearing.

STEP 8: Brush your hair out in your best style and—woweeee! This is the finished look, brimming with TUSSY's pastel lip and eye colors against a rich, enviable, healthy-looking tan!

"I'M UGLY!"

IS THIS YOUR COP-OUT?

DO YOU THINK you're ugly? Do you usually feel that because of your looks you are less popular than you'd like to be? Do you feel that boys would pay more attention to you if you looked a little better than you do? And—are you sure you're *really* ugly? Maybe you just pick on yourself too much?

Many girls (even the prettier ones) feel, from time to time, that they are ugly. Top model Susan Dey and sexy actress Raquel Welch are two women who felt they were really hideous-looking until their late high school years. To look at them today, you'd never know that they each once had an inferiority complex, would you? And maybe, when people look at you—and don't find you as unattractive as you find yourself—they don't realize that you, too, have an inferiority complex. But how can you deal with (a) *being ugly* or (b) *feeling you are ugly* (there's a difference between them)? Whether you are ugly or just feel that you are ugly, you are still suffering from the same lack of self-esteem, self-pride. You are still concerned with your self-image—and the fact that it doesn't meet your approval. In this way, both the ugly girl and the girl who believes she is ugly have the same problem. But, no matter what side of the fence you're standing on, if you really think, "I'm ugly!", then you're the girl FOR TEENS ONLY wants to reach. So keep on reading.

You've heard the proverb "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", haven't you? Well, in the same way "Ugliness is in the eye of the beholder". Before you pronounce yourself "ugly", make sure that you just don't appear that way to one beholder—yourself. Because if you are really *physically/facially* ugly, then that's one thing to overcome or work on. But if you are *mentally* ugly (your ugliness is all in your mind), then you have to deal with that in another way entirely. Here's what meant by that:

Most girls—especially during those tormenting teen years—feel that they are ugly, when (in reality) these fearful feelings are pretty groundless. Very often, the girl who cops a plea and says, "I'm ugly!", doesn't really want you to agree with her or sympathize with her. She expects (and gets) disagreement and positive reinforcement. "Oh, don't be silly! You're so pretty; why do you say that?" is what she wants to hear. This girl really doesn't believe she is ugly—but she really doesn't believe she is pretty either; that's why she needs to hear it verbalized so often. All she's lacking is inner security about herself and about her looks; until she finds it within herself, she "tricks" people into saying it to her. Make sure that when you say "I'm ugly!" that you aren't just playing that game with someone else. Are you really looking for a compliment or for them to contradict you with "No, you're not!"?

All right, assume that above girl is not like you. Assume that you honestly and truly feel that you are ugly. Your mother says you're not but you feel, "Well, that's because she's my mother. She loves me and she doesn't see me the way I really am—ugly!" Why are you so hung up about your looks? Don't you realize that there are very successful women whose less-than-lovely looks never held them back in life? (Consider writer Marian Evans—penname: George Eliot—Eleanor Roosevelt, Janis Joplin—they were all very successful yet hardly beautiful women.) Perhaps the best way for you to feel "more beautiful" is to start developing your "inner beauty". Explore your intellectual capabilities. Exercise your good nature. Develop your interests. Realize that even beautiful women—if *all* they have is beauty—can be very dull, boring people to be around if they don't have anything on the ball. You can have a lot on the ball—and have it all over those lovely ladies! Really you can! Men and women alike prize people who are loving, good-natured, good sports, friendly, witty, clever, charming—you name

it! A more constructive avenue for you is to walk away from that mirror and into your inner being. *Everyone*—absolutely everyone—has their own talents, virtues, and capabilities. Find out what yours are—then use them to your best advantage. Read books, take classes, and join clubs. Get out there with a smile on your face and let people see that radiant inner-you shine through! Accentuate the positive—and the negative will diminish all by itself. Try it! It's something that really works.

Then again, there will always be those ugly girls who are really ugly because of some physical problem—really bad features, crossed eyes, excessive obesity, disfiguring acne scars, et cetera. If your ugliness is of *this* magnitude—and you feel that you cannot live with it—perhaps you should save up your allowance and/or salary and see a good doctor who can correct your problem and put you on the road to a more normal life. FOR TEENS ONLY doesn't advocate running off to a plastic surgeon and spending $4,000. getting yourself made-over just like that! All we're saying is that if your "ugliness" is in a form that makes it really unbearable to live (normally) with, then maybe the price of a doctor is a small price to pay—for the benefits and peace of mind you would derive from a new figure, a new nose, a new complexion or what-have-you. Keep in mind, now—we're talking about *extreme* cases when a girl's physical appearance is really standing in her way to have a normal life.

For the rest of you, the best bet for you would be to take inventory on yourself. Most of you who think you're "ugly" are most likely just being too harsh on yourselves. Stop picking on yourself, you! Maybe if you'd like yourself a little more, the change in your smile and your eyes would give you an automatic "face-lift". It works like that!

And for those of you who are plain-looking—not "ugly" but not "beautiful" either: make the most of what you have and you will find (when you start looking for it) that you are really not as badly off as you always used to think. Work on your loving attitude, your helpfulness, your friendliness; you'll attract more people to you if you have an ugly face but a beautiful nature and disposition than if you had a beautiful face but an ugly nature and disposition.

And—for your own good—realize what a cop-out saying "I'm ugly!" is! Physical appearances are not what makes the world go 'round (or millions of people would be sunk!)—and they are not crucial for happiness. Sometimes a really beautiful woman can be hung-up by her physical appearances. Physical beauty alone doesn't necessarily have the last word on happiness. You can do anything you want to do. You can be anything you want to be. You may not be able to be a "Miss Universe"—but who cares? Your boyfriend would get jealous, anyway! Don't hide behind the "I'm ugly!" plea. If you're satisfied with what inner beauty you have (and you may have to work to find it—but it's there), your transitory physical charms will fade into the distance. Because—when you realize how much you *do* have going for you—when you realize how much good there really is inside of you already—a funny thing happens. You will look in the mirror and see yourself in a new way—and you will say, "You know, You. You really are a beautiful person." And *that's* the beautiful truth!

SURFING
ONLY LORI CAN SAVE BILL'S LIFE!

Lori Tucker grabbed the phone on the first ring. She heard Bill say those magic words, "Surf's up!"

She let out a loud yelp. "I'll be ready in ten minutes." She banged down the phone, pulled off her nightgown, and wiggled into her new bikini. She thought about those special words. "Surf's up," heard any time of the year promised a day of fun and excitement. Riding the curls, always hoping for the big one—the giant wave that you could ride forever.

Lori dashed downstairs and burst into the kitchen. "Hey Mom, guess what?"

"Surf's up!" Mom answered with a grin.

Lori looked surprised. "How did you know?" She peeled a banana and took a large bite.

"That war whoop of yours a few minutes ago could only mean one thing." They both laughed.

"It's all right if I go, isn't it?" Lori remembered to ask.

Mom looked worried. "Yes, I guess it's all right, but I want you to be very careful. I just read in the paper that there is a spring tide."

"Oh, that's right! We talked about that at school yesterday. That's when the sun and the moon line up and cause a strong gravitational pull. I'm so smart!" Lori grinned.

"Just don't be too smart. The water is unusually high and it can be treacherous."

"Oh, Mom, you worry too much. Bill and I have been surfing since we were kids. Bill is the best surfer in town and don't forget all those blue ribbons I won last year on the swim team."

"Okay, but don't you two forget that's a big ocean out there and not a swimming pool."

A horn honked in front of the house. "That's Bill now, I've got to run." She gave Mom a quick kiss on the cheek. "See ya later." She grabbed her wetsuit from the closet and dashed out the back door. She got her surfboard, ran out to Bill's multi-colored van and slid the board into the back. She hopped in beside Bill and kissed him. "Hurry up, let's go!"

"We're off like a herd of turtles," Bill laughed.

"Which beach are we going to?" Lori asked.

"Sandy called me and said the best waves were off the point so we'll go to Seabright."

"My Mom said to be careful because of the spring tide."

"Your Mom worries too much. Doesn't she know nothing can happen to Super Surfer or his girl?" He patted her knee.

The streets were lined with cars. "I guess we'll have to park here and climb down the path." Bill parked the van. They hopped out, grabbed their boards, and headed towards the beach.

"I've got a feeling this is going to be a special day." Bill helped Lori down the steep path.

"You think every day is special if you're surfing. You and your giant wave!" Lori laughed.

"You laugh, but I'll find that big one one of these days and I'll ride it all the way to Hawaii."

"I'll bet the water is freezing." Lori and Bill squirmed into their wetsuits.

"Who cares? Look at those waves!" Bill shaded his eyes with his hand and stared out at the water.

"Look at all the kids out there already." Lori pointed to the flock of wetsuit-clad creatures perched on their boards. "Come on, let's join them!" Lori and Bill paddled out to wait for the waves to build.

They spent most of the morning riding the waves. They stopped long enough to have lunch from a snack truck that came by. "I guess you follow the surf, too," Lori kidded the young driver. "Only for different reasons."

"Yeah, but I sure would rather be out there with you guys, but I have to make a living."

After lunch they returned to the waves. Lori got caught by a big wave that smashed her into the sand. Bill came in after her.

"Are you all right?" Bill sat down beside her.

Lori spat the sand from her mouth and rubbed at the scratches on her face. "That was a mean one. I think I'll catch my breath for a minute. Besides I'm freezing! I'll just stay here and get warm. You go back. I'll watch you."

"Okay, honey, if you're sure you're okay. I've got to go back out. I just know the big guy is out there waiting for me." Bill paddled back into the waves.

Lori sat shivering in the late afternoon sun. She glanced around the beach. The crowd had dwindled. Only the dedicated regulars were here now. Lori smiled to herself. She watched Bill out there waiting for his mystical wave. She watched the water begin to build. She stood up to get a better view. The water built higher and higher. *That's going to be big,* she thought. She watched Bill and the others paddle frantically to get into position. Only Bill made it. The others moved on to wait for the next one. The

ACCIDENT!

It started out to be a beautiful day for surfing for Super-Surfer-Bill and his girlfriend, Lori. Then—an accident! Bill was hurt badly; the beach was deserted; and only Lori can save him! Can she do it?

by BEVERLY HAMMEL

wave began to curl. Bill stood up to ride the curl. Lori waved to him as he started a perfect ride. Bill started to wave back, but something was wrong. The enormous wave broke too soon. Bill lost his balance and was tossed into the air by the angry wave. The surfboard flew high in the air and came down right at Bill.

Lori screamed, but the wind blew the scream back at her. She saw Bill disappear into the churning, swirling wave. The others had moved on and no one seemed to notice Bill. Bill's board crashed into the sand, but where was Bill? Lori saw his head pop out of the water only to disappear in the jaws of the next wave. Lori grabbed her board and paddled to the spot where Bill bobbed helplessly in the water, blood pouring from a huge gash in his head. His face was covered with blood and sand.

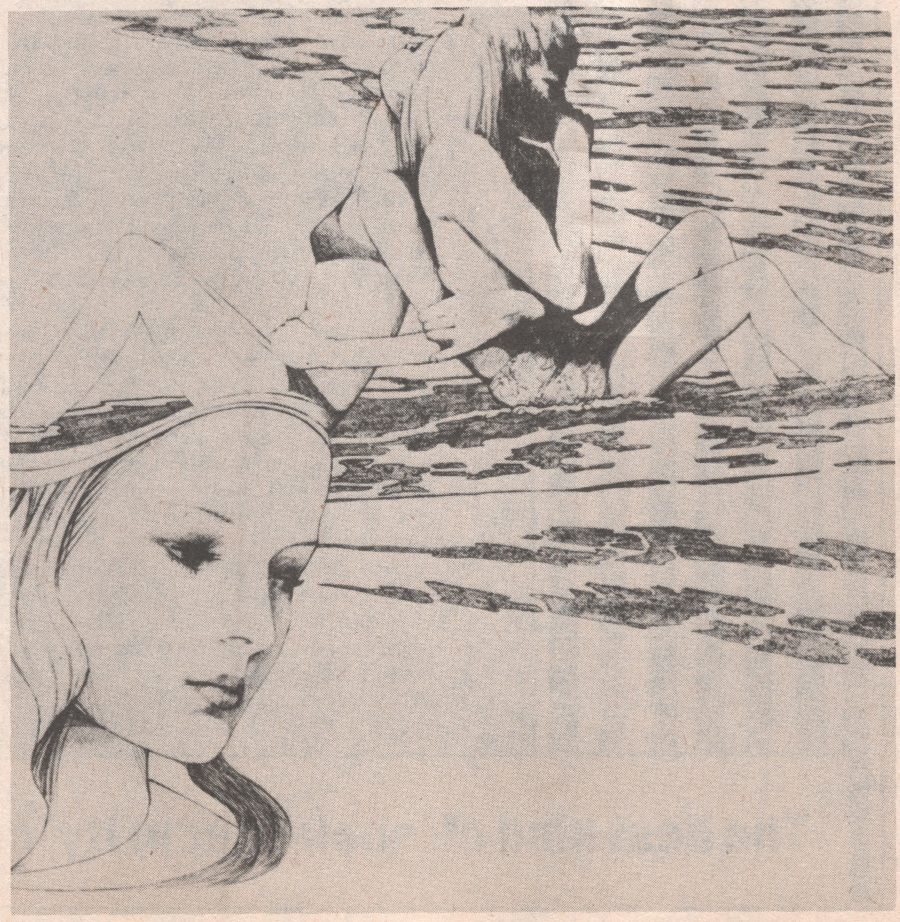
Lori paddled to him and slid into the water. "Can you get on?" She held the board with one hand. Bill looked groggy, but he managed to pull himself onto the board. Lori grabbed one end, kicked her feet hard, and pushed towards the beach. She helped Bill to the shore and threw the board on the sand.

Bill lay on the sand. He groaned with pain and blood trickled down his face. Lori turned toward the water and yelled at the others for help. Her screams were muffled by the crashing waves. No one could hear her. She looked around the beach. It was deserted now. She turned to Bill.

"We've got to get you to a doctor." Bill held his hand to his head. Blood oozed through his fingers. His wetsuit, arms, and chest were covered with blood and it matted his blond hair. Lori found her towel and pressed it to the ugly, gaping wound.

"Try to hold this tight, it will stop the bleeding." She tried to calm her fears. *I've got to get Bill help,* she thought. What am I going to do? She looked back at the path they had climbed down. They were at the other end of the beach now. She'd never make it all that way through the deep sand and up the path, helping Bill. She couldn't leave him here alone. The others were all far down the beach and didn't even know about Bill. She looked up the beach the other way. She saw the cave. The cave led through the cliff to a shallow river. On the other side of the river there was a public beach. There would be a life guard on duty. She'd help Bill through the cave

(please turn to page 52)



MISS ROSE'S SOCIAL

IF THE NAME "Miss Rose" sounds familiar to you, it may be because you've seen her on TV talk shows throughout New York, California, and Canada, attended one of her classes, or read one of her many books for teenagers. A dynamic woman from Rochester, New York, Miss Rose DiSalvo opened a school of Allied Arts in 1956. Teaching boys and girls in their pre-teens showed Miss Rose the struggles adolescents were going through—struggles with parents, friends, and teachers, questions about dating and about themselves. After witnessing this, she decided to open "Miss Rose's Charm School" in 1958.

Her school, unlike the school you're attending, does not have only one location. Miss Rose travels and gives her courses in many different cities—all over the United States, Canada, and Europe. Her aim is to make people from all age groups and all backgrounds feel more secure about themselves. This "social security" begins with teaching people to like themselves more, to discover that there is an individual beauty in each person that one can be proud of. Once her pupils learn to be more secure about themselves, it's only a few steps more before Miss Rose shows them how to share and care about others—the essence of true popularity!

You may, if you haven't already, hear Miss Rose speak in person in your community one day, see her on television, or buy one of her books (such as *Young People Talk without Talking*). But if you don't, you can learn some of what she teaches in person via this article. It will be continued in every issue of FOR TEENS ONLY. Watch for it!

For a few columns, I've been talking about that "silent message" you give out to everyone around you. This time I'd like to talk to you about how you "talk without talking"... by what you eat and by what your attitudes towards food are like.

Some people don't really think much about eating at all; it's just something to be "gotten over with", something that sustains life, and gives them energy. They eat to live. Period. Other people, the

The best kind of 'social security' comes from within.

SECURITY

gourmets, regard eating as a "total" experience. They care tremendously for well-prepared food, served on lovely china, and seen by the glow of candlelight. Then there are other people who misuse eating. They gorge themselves on food and concentrate so much on stuffing things into their mouths that they care little about *what* they're eating. It can be chicken à la king or frozen eggrolls or peanut brittle or a re-heated Big Mac—as long as they can cram it into their mouths quickly, they're happy. These people live to eat... which is ironic because, by their gluttony, they are killing themselves.

When eating turns into *dining*—good food enjoyed with good company in a good, relaxed, pleasant atmosphere—then it's at its most social. But when eating turns into gorging—any kind of food eaten regardless of nourishment, hunger pains, fulfillment, or appetite—then it's at its most unsocial. What does food mean to you? Is it something you eat whenever you think about it (usually when you're so starved after going for practically a whole day without it)? Is it something you really look forward to—the main thing in your life? Is it something you "use" as a ploy within your family (that is, you "threaten" your parents with, "Well, I won't eat then!"), as a weapon when you don't get your way? Or is food something you can take—or leave—depending upon your mood that day?

Compulsive eaters (people who eat too much too often) as well as compulsive dieters (people who are thin but to the detriment of their health) are both misusing food. And your body—if it's way too fat or pitifully thin—is sending out a message to others about how you really feel about yourself. Surely you have seen the beautiful but obese girl of whom everybody says, "She has such a pretty face! If only she'd lose 60 lbs.!" Did you ever wonder why that girl just doesn't go to her doctor, get on a diet, stick to that diet and lose weight once-and-for-all? And surely you have seen the thinner-than-a-model scarecrow who sniffs at food *(please turn to page 53)*

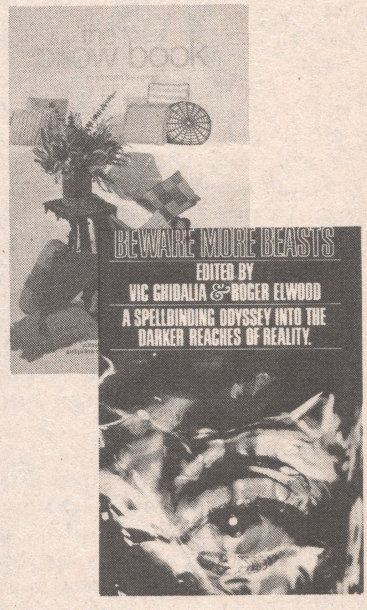
Learn how to get in touch with yours. Be popular!

RAINY DAY

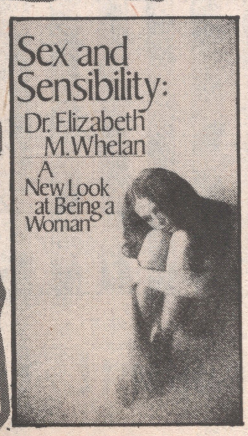
After years of hits and albums, MELANIE has come into 1975 with her latest LP, "As I See it Now" (Neighborhood Records). There are 12 songs here, and each one of them comes up to her inimitable style. You might have heard "Yankee Man" on the radio, a soulful rendition of Jesse Winchester's "Yankee Lady", and you also might have heard MELANIE's version of Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right", with its mournful, country sounds. In fact, most of this LP has a very definite country flavor, with a beautiful pedal steel guitar backing her up. Other than the songs mentioned (and other than her re-make of "Yes Sir, That's My Baby"), MELANIE wrote all the rest of the songs. Some stand-outs are: "Record Machine" (a nostalgic lament for the future with great lead guitar work), "Chart Song" (recorded live in London, the message of this great song is "Don't fear the change"), "Monongahela River" (an anti-pollution verse that puts its point across by being beautiful, not strident), and "Eyes of Man" (a song wherein she sings of desiring the new in life—seeing something that's never been seen by the "eyes of man"—with a lush, full chorus). As MELANIE sees it now is a vision you will be pleased to share, and listen to, over and over again!

Thomas Scortia, who wrote one of the novels the box-office blockbuster, "The Towering Inferno", was based on, has written an original and eerie story which appears exclusively in Beware More Beasts (Manor Books) edited by Vic Ghidalia and Roger Elwood. This hair-raising collection of tales about werewolves, supernatural sea creatures, and other monsters also features weird selections by August Derleth, Saki, and Jack Williamson. A good late-night book!

People who love crafts and money-saving ideas will really get into The Pillow Book (Grosset & Dunlap) by Maureen Burgess.



The only complete book on pillow-making, this volume offers information about pillow shapes, fabric textures, fibers, finishes, various pillow fillings, sewing techniques—and lots more! Over 150 illustrated patterns and design ideas will start you off. It's an awful lot of fun! And, see how to make potpourri on the next page; imagine a scented pillow!!!



In Sex and Sensibility: A New Look at Being a Woman (McGraw-Hill), Dr. Elizabeth Whelan gives a well-written and comprehensive sexual guide for every teenage girl. Her no-nonsense text includes everything from basic facts about reproduction to psychological and emotional aspects of intimate relations. Dr. Whelan feels that "the sexual revolution" and "The Pill" have created new pressures and new confusions for teens. This book answers a lot of questions that may have come up between you and your boyfriend. What is promiscuity? When can a girl become pregnant? What constitutes a mature, healthy attitude about sexuality? In addition to answering all those questions, this book includes helpful drawings and a glossary of useful terms.

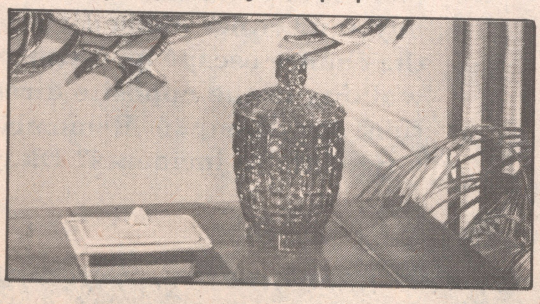
PAGE

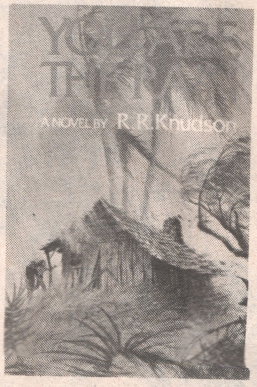
RAINING OUT? BORED? HERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN DO INDOORS!

A rose is a rose is a rose. But a rose can also be an invaluable beauty aid. Either buy rosewater from your local druggist, or make your own! How? Combine 1 pint oil of rose with 20 grains of carbonate of magnesium. Then add 8 drops (drop by drop) of warm, distilled water. Filter it. Then splash it onto your face. Isn't that invigorating? And it's great for the skin, too!

Uses for rosewater: If you have wrinkles (or want to fight them off), make a paste consisting of egg whites slightly boiled in a small quantity of rosewater, to which you add 1 ounce of sweet almond oil. If you have oily skin, combine 1½ ounces of rosewater with 3 ounces of cucumber juice. (To make cucumber juice, wash the cukes, cut 'em into pieces, and toss 'em into the blender.) This beautifying treat makes an excellent astringent!

Would you like to make something that will fill your home with wonderful scents? Then make an herbal potpourri, a delightful collection of herbs, flowers, and spices. Get a container (an old coffee can with a lid will do, but if you have it, a fine glass jar will look better) and fill it with a mixture of your favorite flowers and herbs. Start with a layer of colorful flowers (you can either buy or pick your own wildflowers) that smell nice, then add a layer of herbs (suggestions: basil, rosemary, tarragon, peppermint, marjoram, et cetera), then another layer of flowers. You can put spices and/or dried lemon, orange, or grapefruit peels in between the layers. Some good spices to use: whole cloves, broken cinnamon sticks, freshly ground nutmeg, coriander, and cardomom, and half-ground aniseed. All these spices have lush, fragrant aromas. The next layer should be scented herbs again, such as (in addition to what already has been mentioned) rose geranium, lemon thyme, red bergamot leaves, lovage leaves, and crushed bay leaves. The very top layer should be well-arranged with rose petals, chamomile flowers, lavender flowers, and whole dried flowers such as cornflowers, small wild roses, pansies, and yarrow to give an attractive and colorful pattern to the top of your very own potpourri.





There are different ways to have adventures in life, as is shown in these two fine novels: None of the Above by Rosemary Wells (The Dial Press) and You Are the Rain by R.R. Knudson (Delacorte Press). The first book tells the story of Marcia, a quiet, awkward girl living with her father, stepmother and step-sister. Because her new family is more articulate and ambitious than she is, Marcia feels forced to improve herself. The book's time span takes Marcia from age 13 to age 18, and the changes she goes through in that time (in school, with her family and boyfriend, and inside of herself) form the core of this novel. It is superbly written, so the reader feels very close to Marcia as she goes through the adventures of getting older. Definitely check this book out! The second book is a literal adventure, telling the tale of a group of girls in the middle of the Everglades. An exciting book!

HOW TO TALK TO A BOY!

"I LIKE BOYS but they don't seem to notice me. Don't ask me to approach them first because every time I've tried that it's been a disaster. I just can't talk to boys!" "I'm so popular with my girlfriends—but when it comes to boys I'm really another person. My hands get sweaty, I forget what to say, and I get shaky all over. I'm so shy that it's ridiculous!" "Everybody says there's nothing to it—but I can't seem to bring myself to be natural, friendly and cool when I'm around boys! What's wrong with me? On one hand, I want to talk to them—on the other hand, I can't wait to get away from them. They scare me! Yet, I want to have a boyfriend so badly. I'm 17 and I haven't had one date yet in my whole life!"

Does this sound like you? Have you begun to develop an interest in the opposite sex—without developing the art of conversation with that same sex? Well, if you have ever gotten tongue-tied around a boy, if you ever flubbed up on a date (or failed to *get a date* because of your extreme shyness), then take heart! After you read this, you will be initiated into the mysterious arts of learning how to talk to a boy—and you will discover (surprise! surprise!) that it's not nearly as difficult as you thought it would be!

If you are the type of girl who's popular with girls, but who cannot talk to boys, then you're one step closer to the final solution. Try to remember the last few times when you had the opportunity to talk to a boy—and either flubbed it or let the chance escape (you started walking in the opposite direction, for example). Remember any of these incidents? Okay.

Now: what was it about the boy that scared you so? Did you think he would "think you were silly" for talking to him? Did you think he would put you down for being friendly? Try to analyze what exactly it was that frightened you so. Then consider how easy it is to talk to girls. They're your friends, right? They don't expect you to be super-girl (super-cool, super-friendly, super-bright), right? They don't expect you to be nervous, because *they* are not nervous, right? Well, boys are the same way! Your own expectations of yourself—and your self-image—far exceed what they expect from you. In fact, most boys are so difficult to talk to *not* because *you* are so shy but—surprise! surprise!—because *they* are twice as shy as you are. They are too shy to put you at ease, so you must concentrate on putting *them* at ease. This is a neat trick, you know. If you are trying hard to put somebody else at ease, you will soon take your mind off your *own shyness* —and you will find out that you aren't so shy after all!

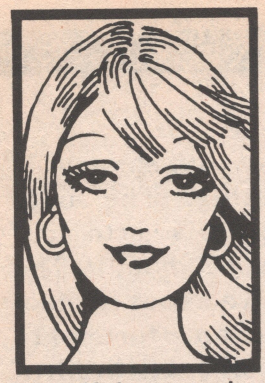
Now what if you're the type of girl who's popular only with one or two people? If you're only comfortable with a few people (people whom you know for a very long time) and you can't bring yourself to talk to either new girls or new boys, then you have to do a little more work on yourself. Why do you find it difficult to talk to new people? Do you basically *like* girls and boys—but are afraid that they won't like you? Do you hide behind a disguise of silent-super-cool so that no one will know you're really nervous, really insecure, really afraid of revealing "the real you" to others? Well, the first step to this solution is to have a long talk with yourself. Decide once-and-for-all that you are just as good as everybody else—that you are worthy enough to be a good friend—and that you, too, have interesting things to say to people. Develop a better self-image by learning how to be nicer to yourself. Don't be so eager to pick on yourself, to criticize and not forgive yourself. Remember: the person who likes herself/himself will find it easier to be liked by others. Another important thing to remember is that shyness comes from an enormous concentration on your own self. People who are shy are very *self*ish people. That is, they are more concerned with themselves than they are with others. They measure practically everything in terms of themselves, such as, "How did they like *my* new dress?" or "If I say that, will they think *I'm* stupid?" or "What kind of impression am *I* making on them?" What's the key word here? "I". "Me". "My". Do you see how selfish shyness really is? But the way to break this vicious cycle is twofold. First, realize that people are more concerned about themselves than about you. If you are wondering what kind of impression *you* are making, then everyone around you is wondering about what kind of image he or she is giving off.

Second, realize that shyness is self-perpetuating. The only way to get rid of it is *not* to *dwell* on it, but to *forget* about it. The next time you're about to meet someone, make an effort not to think of yourself but to think of them. Concentrate on putting that person at ease. Ask yourself how you can do this the best. If you are really thinking of the other person, you will find that you're no longer being shy and ill-at-ease. It works every time! Now that you've thought a little about how to talk to people—boys and girls—in general, here are some specific tactics and rules that you should keep in mind when you're trying to start a conversation with a boy.

Rule 1: If you're that nervous about talking to him for the first time, don't complicate matters by approaching him when you're with a girlfriend or when he is with his friend(s). Approach him (until you get to know him a little better) on a one-to-one basis. (Three is a crowd, anyway!)

Rule 2: Don't plan a "set speech" to give him when you see him. Your nerves might get in the way and you'll blow it all on word three! Just concentrate on being natural, casual, and friendly. Give him a big smile. That will relax you both and establish the right atmosphere. Then say the first thing that comes to you—maybe "I'm glad you wore that shirt today. The blue makes your eyes look really nice!"—

(please turn to page 60)



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE to lose some weight? First of all, determine if you are really (a) very fat, (b) plump, (c) thin already. Some girls, even if they are already as slim as a rose stem, compulsively worry about being too fat. Other girls, with over-ripe figures that just border on unhealthy obesity, excuse themselves with, "Oh, it's hereditary! I couldn't ever lose weight!" Be honest with yourself before you set out to diet. Do you really need to lose weight? If so, how much? There are several simple tests that you can do at home to discover if you are over-weight.

The Pinch Test: Doctors measure skinfold thickness with a caliper, but you can do it at home with your thumb and index finger. Grab the skin at the triceps on one arm (at the back, midway between your shoulder and elbow). When you pinch your arm, the skin folds over so that you get a double fold. But the measurement of the skin and "normal" fat should be the thickness of about a half-an-inch, but no more than one inch. If it measures greater than an inch, you're fat. You can also do the Pinch Test at your waistline. Or let a friend do it for you. You're more likely to cheat on your behalf than a friend would be.

The Ruler Test: Lie on your back in the nude. Place a ruler on your body so that one end rests on your rib cage, the other on your pelvis (you know, those bony ridges you should be able to feel just in front of your hips!). If you are slim-and-trim enough, both ends of the ruler will touch as described. If you are fat, the ruler will bob on your protruding belly.

The Tapemeasure Test: If your waistline is the same as your chest, you are obese; if your waistline is much bigger than your chest, you are extremely obese.

The Height and Weight Chart Test: Insurance companies and physical education textbooks both have height-weight-age charts. Look at them and decide if you exceed the maximum weight for your size. For example, if you have a small frame, and you are a female of five feet tall, you should weigh between 95 and 104. If you are 5'3" tall, then you should weigh between 104 and 113. If you are 5' 6" tall, you should weigh between 113 and 123. (This chart was based on women's weights after the age of 25. For girls between 18 and 25, subtract one pound for every year under 25.) Most charts overestimate weights because they are based on weights that were thought to be healthy and fashionable about twenty years ago. Most celebrities and stylish women aim to be lower than the maximum weight for their sizes. That's something to keep in mind when you're mentally making excuses for the weight you are.

But now on to the diets themselves. Before you go on any diet, make sure you consult your family doctor first. Find out if you are in good physical health and if you can withstand a very strict diet . . . or if you have to diet more slowly. Also find out if you are to avoid certain foods (because of a health problem) so that if you go on a diet that advocates eating a lot of the food you are not supposed to eat, you will choose another diet instead.

The Basic, Nutritional, Personal Diet for Everyone

The safest and most satisfying diet to go on is really a sensible, high-on-protein, low-on-starches-and-sugars diet. Build your mealplan around the "Basic Four" food groups, plus just a very small amount of fat. The basic four are: milk and milk products; fruits and vegetables; proteins; and breads and cereals. Buy a little pocket-calorie-counter and limit yourself (depending on what you want to lose and how quickly) to a certain amount of calories per day (usually 1000 calories a day will make you lose one to two pounds per week). Eat a little from each basic food group and don't cheat absurdly by eating (for example) one slice of cheesecake (at 260 calories per slice) for lunch and nothing else. That's unhealthy and foolhardy. Diet sensibly—and you will wind up with a healthier and slimmer body because you've concentrated on nutrition, too, in addition to weight-loss.

The Weight-Watchers Diet

This is another nutritionally sound, basic diet that is made up mostly of fish and vegetables. It has a lot of "legal" foods for those who don't like too many restrictions, but then it does emphasize that the portions you eat must be exact. Dieters also attend weekly, inspirational meetings; if you can't diet alone, then these meetings may be just the right "enforcement" you need to stick to your diet. But with or without going to meetings, if you follow this diet

you will lose weight and be a healthier person. Contact your nearest Weight Watchers center to learn more about what to do.

The Dr. Stillman Hi-Protein Diet

Really hot about five years ago, this diet consists of drinking eight glasses of water per day, cutting out all foods that aren't straight protein (no fruits, no vegetables), and eating unmeasured portions of all the seafood, lean beef, skim milk, cheese, and eggs you want. It's an expensive diet to go on (try eating one-half-pound of roast beef every day for lunch and several shrimp cocktails at dinnertime) and not nutritionally sound. However, for those who need the incentive of an initial rapid weight-loss, this diet (if followed carefully for one or two weeks) will make the pounds just shed! Most people (depending upon how fat they are) will lose at least eight pounds the first week. Whether it's healthy or wise to lose that much weight in one week is another question, though. Also, you can get mighty sick of eggs, steaks, and cottage cheeses if you're eating nothing else. And, to top it off, there is a danger you may develop ketosis, a metabolic condition that occurs when the body burns too much fat (and there are no carbohydrates in your system to offset this burning up). If you do decide to follow this diet, only do it for a week at a time, interspersing those diet-weeks with other weeks on the 1,000 calories per day diet (that includes fruits and vegetables). Otherwise, you may get very thin—and also very sick! Who wants that?

The Crash (or Fad) Diet

These diets are mostly ridiculous and made up of only ice cream, or only brown rice, or only grapefruits, et cetera. They are, in the long run, more damaging to your body than you can imagine. Girls on these diets have often passed out in class, been rushed to the hospital after collapsing, and made their bodies deficient in important vitamins and minerals (which resulted in dizziness, nausea, tiredness, et cetera). Don't let this happen to you. When you choose a diet, choose one that (a) fits your lifestyle, (b) gives you a balanced, nutritious diet, (c) is not impossible for you to stick to, and (d) makes you healthier at the same time it makes you thinner. No "crash" or "fad" diet can meet all four of these requirements. And, even if you can stick with such an exaggerated monotonous diet, by the time you've lost your twenty pounds, for example, you'll be so sick of eating those grapefruits, that brown rice, that ice cream (et cetera, et cetera) that you'll never want to eat it again in your entire life. And that's silly! Remember: all things in moderation!

Keep up with the latest on diets by reading your local newspaper's

(please turn to page 54)

SLENDERIZING SCHEMES!

With summer on its way, maybe you should finally lose that weight you were planning to lose all winter and spring! Now you can — safely and nutritionally—by following these fabulous slenderizing diets and suggestions!

Who Are You?

DO YOU REMEMBER the part in Lewis Carroll's immortal Alice in Wonderland **when Alice meets the Caterpillar? He's sitting on a mushroom, smoking a hookah, and addresses Alice in a languid, sleepy voice, "Who are you?".**

Well, just as the Caterpillar asked Alice, FOR TEENS ONLY would like to ask you, "Who are you?". You **are our most important reader. And if there's something that we're leaving out of FOR TEENS ONLY (or something that you'd like to see changed), then we want to know about it. We're trying to make FOR TEENS ONLY your favorite magazine—because** you're **our favorite reader. Won't you take a few minutes to fill out this ballot, then tear it out of the magazine and send it to us? Thanks—we sure appreciate that. We'll look forward to hearing from you. And we hope that you'll look forward to seeing your suggestions put to work in FOR TEENS ONLY.**

Send the ballot to: **"WHO ARE YOU?"**
FOR TEENS ONLY
235 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003

These are my favorite things in FOR TEENS ONLY: (check as many as apply to you) true teen stories.....sewing columns . . . . . advice on dating . . . . . skin care features . . . . . fashions . . . . . hair-do news . . . . . exercise articles.....Miss Rose's column.....craft ideas and how-to features.....cooking tips..... stories about my favorite stars (Donny Osmond, David Cassidy, Susan Dey, Eve Plumb, etc.).....personality quizzes.....F.T.O.'s newspaper.....The Rainy Day Page.....Letters to Lisa .....

These are things that you *didn't* have in this issue of FOR TEENS ONLY that I would like to see in future issues:
.....

Please check off a "yes" or "no" answer to all questions that apply to you:

I have started to date boys already:	yes	no
I read a lot (books, newspapers, magazines):	yes	no
I read other fan magazines:	yes	no
I watch TV and go to movies:	yes	no
I am interested in reading about stars:	yes	no
I would rather see more than stories in F.T.O.:	yes	no
I have been a steady reader for some time now:	yes	no
I probably will buy another issue of F.T.O.:	yes	no
I date a lot (several times a week):	yes	no
I would like to read serious articles, rather than fiction:	yes	no
I have some problems (skin, dating, popularity) AND I read magazines to find out answers:	yes	no

I read these other magazines, too: (we're not insulted) .....
..... (name them)

FTO-8

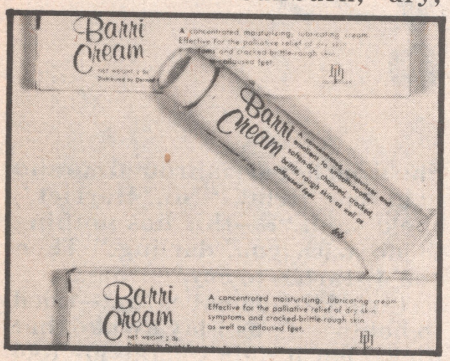
NAME ..... AGE .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP .....

FOR TEENS ONLY wants to thank you again for taking the time to fill this out and mail it to us! Have a nice day!

Beauty Box

SUMMER'S HERE—and the living is easy, provided, of course, that you know how to take care of yourself in hot weather. Your skin, in particular, needs special pampering this time of year. Here's how to look better and feel better with several new products this summer!

BARRI CREAM is the moisturizer that does it all! Better than a regular cold cream, BARRI CREAM also relieves the discomfort of sunburn, dry,


Barri Cream
A concentrated moisturizing, lubricating cream. Effective for the palliative relief of dry skin symptoms and cracked-brittle-rough skin as well as calloused feet.

cracked skin, various skin maladies, and more! Use it on your face as well as all over you—for smoother, softer, summer skin. If your local store doesn't have it, write to Dermhil Products, Inc., Box 242 Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230. A two-ounce tube is $2.50.

Two things to carry with you all summer long are Lucille Bouchard's MINK SUNSHADE LOTION, a non-sticky, creamy, effective liquid sun-screener,

which contains a super-moisturizing mink oil. Aids tanning—but wards off the drying effects of the sun (whether you're at the beach or on the slopes). Available in a sample size of two for $1.00 (minimum 2) or in regular four-ounce size for $3.50. And pack one of Bouchard's FRESHSTICKS in your purse for instant face-cleansing wherever you go. You don't have to touch your face with your hands because FRESHSTICK is a swivel stick; it glides all over your face removing dirt, grime, skin pollutants, and make-up (even eye make-up!). Simply tissue it off—and your face is clean. It doesn't break; it can't spill; it's long-lasting. One-ounce stick is $5.00. Available by mail from Lucille Bouchard, Route 9, Wilton, N.Y. 12866. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

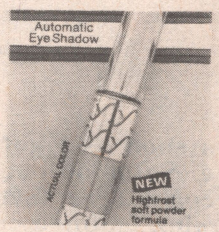
Tan with or without the sun with QT LOTION or QT FOAM from Coppertone. You'll get a natural-looking tan in three to

five hours—and QT contains all the same sun-screen and moisturizing agents as the other fine Coppertone products. Or fix tanning "mistakes" (bathing suit strap marks) with it!

If, in spite of all that protection, you *do* get a sunburn, then make a dash for the soothing, healing relief of SOLARCAINE.

Available in lotion, spray, foam, or cream form, SOLARCAINE also acts as medicated first aid for all minor burns, cuts, scrapes, chapping, and skin injuries.

Make romantic summer nights twice as romantic by using Yardley of London's fabulous COLORSWEEP AUTOMATIC EYE SHADOW, the new way to



beautify eyes. Available in several pearly, frosted colors, these moisture-laden shadows don't dry, flake, or crease. A soft foam wand delivers just the right amount of powder for perfect application from an easy-to-use, spill-proof, innovative container. Retail price for one shadow is $2.75.

If you prefer your eye color in a compact, try Maybelline ULTRA VELVET/FROST DUO, which pairs two luxurious powder

shades in a feminine, see-thru compact. Wear the two shades together; the soft, matte ULTRA VELVET goes on your lid to contour and frame and the shimmery ULTRA FROST goes on your browbone to highlight and frame those pretty eyes. Five versions complement your summer wardrobe—and look fabulous with your new tan! Each compact sells for $1.75.

"My dad broke up our home--and my heart!"

by AMY RICH

As soon as I got off the elevator on our floor, I could hear them. They were arguing again, screaming at each other. *Stop,* I begged silently. *Please stop!*

"Hello, Harriet, how are you?"

I felt my face redden as my eyes met Mrs. Wilson's, our next-door neighbor. She was coming out of the incinerator room.

"Ready for the summer?" she asked.

I nodded grimly, averting my eyes. I couldn't bear her hearing my parents fight or knowing what was going on in our apartment. It was awful!

"Well, enjoy it, whatever your plans are."

I nodded again. I knew why she was being so nice and friendly—she felt sorry for me because my mother and father were fighting. And lately they'd been fighting so often.

Leaving Mrs. Wilson standing there, I walked quickly down the hall and slipped my key into the lock. I hesitated only for a second, then hurried on inside and shut the door behind me as fast as I could.

They got quiet as soon as they saw me.

"You're home a little late, honey," Dad said. "We were beginning to worry about you."

If I hadn't felt like crying, I might have laughed. Worried about me? When could they have had the time?

"I had a lot of studying," I mumbled, not looking at them. I started toward my room. "I'm pretty tired. I think I'll go to sleep."

I couldn't sleep, though. I just lay there in bed, stared up at the ceiling and tried to remember the days when we'd been a family, when Mom and Dad were always kissing and hugging, when we'd all been so happy. It was getting harder and harder to remember—it all seemed so long ago.

What had gone wrong? It had started so slowly. First I began to notice strange silences between them, as if a wall had gone up, especially at the dinner table and breakfast. Then I'd begun to hear muffled voices from behind the closed door of their bedroom at night. Then louder and louder voices. And now this.

I shut my eyes tight to squeeze back the tears. They seemed to be fighting all the time. And when they weren't yelling at each other, there was a strained silence that was even scarier.

Why? I'd asked myself over and over again. *Was it something I did?*

Once, the morning after a really bad fight that had seemed to go on for hours, I'd even asked Mom. She'd put her arms around me and held me tight. "No, Harriet," she'd said. "It—this has nothing to do with you, darling." Then she'd started to cry.

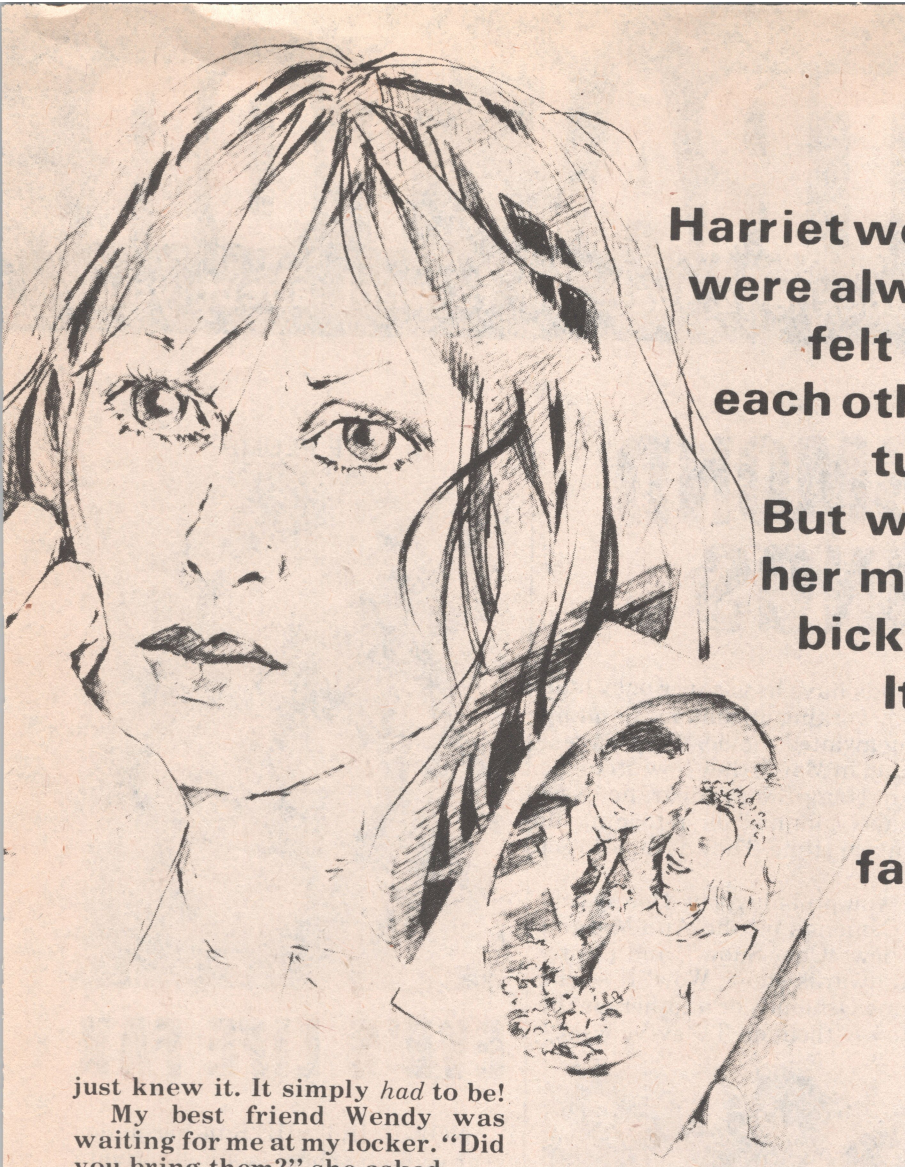
I tried to remember that—tried to believe it—as I lay awake that night, but it didn't make me feel any better. *If it weren't something I did, what was wrong between them? Why had they changed? I knew they loved one another—they had to! So when were they going to start acting like it? When were we going to be a family again?*

They were even quieter than usual the next morning. A few times I caught one staring at the other, but they didn't say anything. Not even polite small talk.

"Going anywhere after school today, honey?" Dad asked as I was getting my books together.

I shook my head. "I have lots of studying to do."

Final exams were coming up in a few days, then summer vacation. *That will make everything all right again,* I told myself on the way to school. Last summer we'd gone away for two weeks, to a resort in the mountains, and we'd had a lot of fun. Maybe we'd go there again. Or maybe we'd go to a different place. Whatever, summer was going to make the difference. Mom and Dad would stop fighting, and our home would be the way it used to be. I



Harriet worried that her parents were always fighting. But she felt as long as they loved each other, things would eventually return to normal. But while she kept hoping, her mother and father kept bickering and quarreling! It was very upsetting! Harriet didn't know what to do. Then her father did something—he broke her heart!

just knew it. It simply *had* to be!

My best friend Wendy was waiting for me at my locker. "Did you bring them?" she asked.

I made a face. The history notes—I'd been so upset the night before, I'd forgotten them.

"No problem," Wendy said brightly. "I'll go home with you and pick them up this afternoon."

"No!" I said quickly, so quickly I startled her. "I'll bring them tomorrow, I promise."

I knew I'd hurt her feelings, but what else could I do? I didn't want anyone to come home with me—not even her. The last time she'd been over, about two weeks before, Mom and Dad were right in the middle of one of their "silent days". It had embarrassed Wendy, I knew, and it had absolutely humiliated me. No, I couldn't have anybody over until they stopped fighting, until everything was the way it should be, the way it *used* to be.

I was surprised to see Dad home when I got there. "Didn't you go to work today?" I asked.

Suddenly, my heart started to beat faster. Had they made up? Was that why Dad was home? It was—I knew it. They'd made up. We were going to make wonderful plans for the summer. We'd be happy again. Everything was going to be beautiful!

"We want to talk to you, Harriet," Dad said, glancing at Mom. "We have something important to tell you."

It wasn't what I'd thought. Oh, no, it wasn't....

"I love you very much, Harriet," Dad said. He looked at my mother again. "We both do. But—but—sometimes things happen. Sometimes people change, and...." His voice dwindled away and the room was quiet for a minute or two.

"I'm going away, honey," he said finally. "I'm leaving here tonight."

"Away?" I didn't understand. Leaving for where?

"Your mother and I think that...well, we've talked it over and we both think it would be better if I moved out."

My head started pounding in confusion. What was he talking about? They'd made up, hadn't they? We were going to have a wonderful summer together, weren't we? A wonderful forever?

"Remember that I love you, honey," he went on, "and that I always will." He smiled, but it was a forced one. "I'll call after I get settled somewhere. And we'll see each other... maybe on weekends...."

He said a lot of other things, too, things about people who stop loving each other, who can't get along, but I didn't listen.

Just like that, we weren't a family anymore. Wendy had a family. All my friends did. Everyone in the world did. Everyone but me. That was all I could think of as I sat like a stone while my father brought his suitcases into the living room, leaned down to kiss me goodbye and then walked out the door.

I didn't cry until later, when I was in my room. I heard Mom crying softly out in the living room, but I didn't move. I don't think I could have even if I'd wanted to. I felt so weak, like you do when you're getting over the flu, so tired and awful.

Someone once said that time heals all wounds, but it's not necessarily true. Days passed, but I didn't feel any better. I felt worse, in fact. Somehow I managed to drag myself to

(please turn to page 53)

EXTRA! FOR

All the news that's fit to print about your

LATEST OSMOND HAPPENINGS

THOSE FAR-OUT, funky, fabulous Osmonds have been super-busy lately, giving concerts in person and on television, working on albums, handing out awards, and starting work on their long-awaited movie. They gave a dynamic concert at the Houston Astrodome, and in March they flew off to the Far-East to give a series of concerts in Japan, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii. The Osmonds had also planned on returning to England, but their schedule doesn't permit it at this time. They do hope to get over there sometime during this year.

If you've been watching television lately, you probably saw Donny and Marie on "The Mac Davis Show", all the Osmonds on the Ann-Margret special, "Ann-Margret Olsson", and on the new "Cher Show", and Donny and Marie again on the Dick Clark musical awards show. Wow! It seems whenever you look at television nowadays, one Osmond or another (or the whole family) is on it. Wouldn't it be great to see them on TV every week?

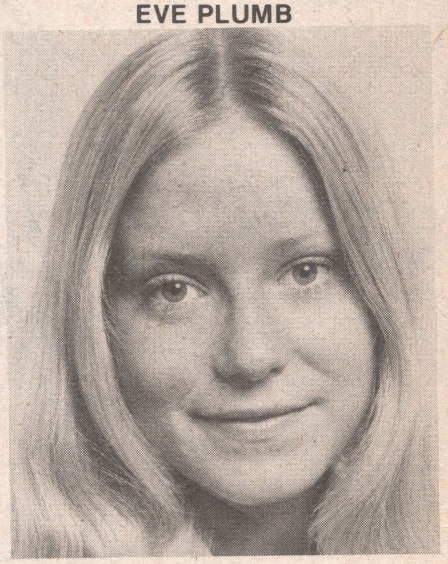
And if you've been listening to your radio, or going out and buying records, you know that all the various Osmond records are doing quite well. Donny's and Marie's LP, "I'm Leaving it All up to You", has been on the charts for more than 30 weeks, while their single, "Morning Side of the Mountain", has been around for half that time. Meanwhile, Donny's solo album, entitled just plain "Donny", is rocketing up the charts, and Marie's latest solo LP, "Who's Sorry Now?", looks like it's going to go great guns, especially among her many fans in country-western circles. Jimmy, too, has a solo album coming out soon. Those outrageous Osmonds just keep putting out record after record after record. They have to be the most prolific family in all of show business.

On top of all the concerts, television shows, and record albums, the Osmonds are finally ready to begin work on their motion picture. The working title for it is "Survival", but that might be changed before the movie is finished. It will be filmed in the same area of Utah that Robert Redford filmed his "Jeremiah Johnson". Right now, the scheduled starting date is May 1st.

In more personal Osmond news: Donny has still been double-dating with Jay, but there's no steady girl yet. And Marie still doesn't date, but Brett Hudson is waiting for her.

THE OSMONDS

EVE PLUMB



EVE'S LIFE FAX

NOW THAT SHE'S in her junior year of high school (a small, private school), Eve Plumb is really getting into the swing of things. She made the tennis team (they play two days each week); she was elected President of the French Club; and she put her artistic flair to work on the decorating committee for the annual Saint Valentine's Day Dance. Eve really loves school, and she especially loves doing things that have nothing to do with show business.

But don't take that to mean that Eve doesn't love show business anymore; it's still a super-important part of her life. She's been very busy with "The Brady Bunch Three" (along with Susan Olsen and Mike Lookinland), and they've been rehearsing their song-and-dance routines, going in for fabulous costume fittings, and their first gig might be on a cruise ship! And in other Plumb family news: Eve's father, Neely, is producing the soundtrack LP of the motion picture, "Stardust", a rock extravaganza starring David Essex.

Eve went to the opening of a Los Angeles art gallery with the ex-musical director of "The Brady Bunch", a guy who has his own band now. It was Eve's first date with him, and she enjoyed it tremendously.

TEENS ONLY...

favorite singers, actors, groups and guys!

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NO CHARGE WHEN YOU READ 'FOR TEENS ONLY

DAVID'S NEW LABEL

AFTER A NUMBER of months of indecision, David Cassidy has signed a new recording contract, his first with RCA Records. The signing was announced on February 17th, with the President of RCA, Kenneth Glancy, saying, "David Cassidy already has made a major contribution to the world of entertainment. But we at RCA feel confident that his future as a performer, composer, and lyricist, will far surpass his previous accomplishments. We are proud to be associated with a proven artist of his stature, and look forward to presenting his talent to its widest possible audience." Glancy then added, "RCA recognizes the potential of a multi-talented individual like David Cassidy, who has weathered a unique type of superstardom very early in his career, with the result that his concentration can now be directed towards becoming an artist of very *lasting* significance. We feel that the long-term, exclusive contract between RCA and David expresses a spirit of commitment—to David's future, and to the future of the label." So now all you David-diggers can write to him at: RCA Records/1133 Ave. of the Americas/New York, N.Y. 10036. Wish him luck on the new turn in his career; he'll be glad to hear from you!

DAVID CASSIDY

HENRY WINKLER

INTERVIEW WITH "FONZIE"

IF YOU WERE TO take a poll to find out who's the most popular male star on television, Henry Winkler (a.k.a. "Fonzie") would definitely come out right near the top. Almost everybody likes this 5'6" superhandsome actor, so FOR TEENS ONLY had an exclusive interview with him, talking about his life, his loves, and his work, and here it is!

When asked what he thinks of his role as "Fonzie", Henry said, "I love it. I work every day, and it's fun to create him—he's not me. And it's a lot of fun to work with the rest of the people on the show. We've formed a tight group, and that's apparently unheard of in a TV series." Continuing talking on acting, Henry said, "My ideal role would be to dance in 'West Side Story', the part of Action or Riff. I'd like to play Caligula, son of Caesar. I'd like to play a definitive deaf mute. I'm a physical actor. It's very hard for me to do voice-overs; I must use my body." Getting away from his work, hazel-eyed Henry spoke about his favorite music and movies, "I love all music, really. I use it to create, to cool out. I like Alan Price; he's a genius. And Stevie Wonder, Vivaldi, Brahms, opera, Randy Newman, John Denver, and Bad Company. Oh, and I think Paul Simon is great, as a singer and as a lyricist. Two of my favorite movies are 'The Godfather, Part II', and 'Streetcar Named Desire'. Marlon Brando is a great actor; I really admire him, along with such other actors as Cary Grant, Donald Sutherland, and Robert DeNiro."

In his private life, Henry is somewhat of a homebody, although he does eat out quite a bit. And he said, "I can cook leftovers, but from scratch I'm a disaster. I like to go out and eat French or Italian food." And when he goes out, he likes to be accompanied by a girl. He said, "I like the kind of girl who is independent enough to have her own life, and open enough to be in love with me. I don't have specific likes and dislikes about make-up, or hair color. As long as a girl is happy with the way she looks, I don't care. If a girl can be elegant without looking cheap in false eyelashes, great. Most often, though, simplicity is elegance to me. I like active, alive women. What I don't like is a girl who manipulates, who can't confront life, and who lives only through her boyfriend or husband. That kind of girl really turns me off."

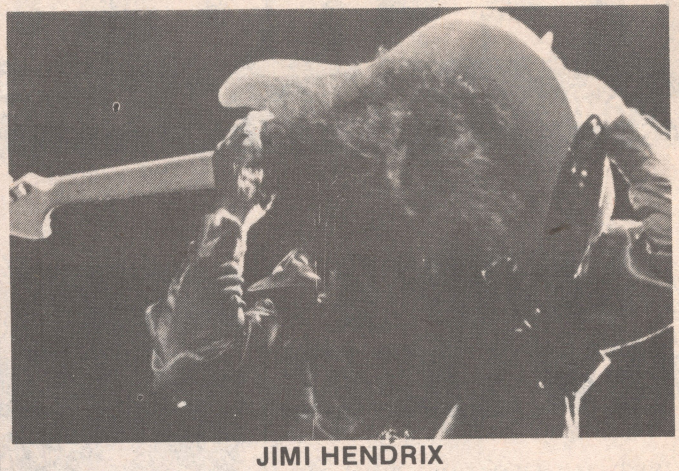
Henry did mention that all his fans could write to him at: 1122 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035; and he said, "I read every letter I get. I've read over 10,000, and everyone gets answered with a fact sheet and pictures." That in itself is unusual, because many stars have other people read their letters for them. And finally, Henry's dream come true is "peace of mind, steady acting work, and a together family."

THE RHODES KIDS

MEET THE RHODES KIDS

HAVE YOU HEARD The Rhodes Kids? Five handsome brothers and two vivacious sisters compose this family singing group, and the word for them is "marvelous"! They've been giving concerts in cities all over the U.S. to huge acclaim, and this is only the beginning. Their new single, "Runaway", is a dynamic re-make of the Del Shannon classic. The Rhodes Kids are: Paul (age 23, and the only married member of the group), Ron (21), Gary (19), Patty (17-going-on-18), Marsha (16, and a great drummer), Brett (13), and little Mark (10). What makes this group so special is the totally natural way they perform, with no pretensions and a friendly exuberance that is unmatched by other performers. They basically do a variety of Top-40 songs, but it's the extra touches they add that makes their music so wonderful. So keep your eyes open and your ears peeled for The Rhodes Kids.

NEW HENDRIX LP



JIMI HENDRIX

AFTER THE GREAT guitarist and musical innovator Jimi Hendrix died, a number of posthumous albums were released by his record company, but none of them came up to the high quality of his earlier work. But now, Alan Douglas, the record producer who was working with Jimi when he died, has put together a new Hendrix LP, taken from the thousands of hours of tapes that were, until recently, undiscovered. The album is titled "Crash Landing", and was assembled from cuts found in various stages of completion, with the addition of new basic tracks (drums, bass, and second guitar). According to Douglas, the end result closely approximates what he felt Jimi would have done himself. Douglas said, "Jimi was sitting next to me the whole time, you know? I felt him every time I made a wrong move." This LP is the first in what is planned as a series of new Hendrix albums.

ELVIS: THE GOOD AND THE BAD

ELVIS PRESLEY

THE KING OF Rock and Roll, Elvis Presley, has been going through some hard times recently. Late in January, he was admitted to the Memphis Baptist Hospital for what was described as a series of tests and/or treatments. At first, the Memphis Commercial Appeal quoted a Presley source as saying the singer has a liver problem. They wrote, "Elvis has a liver problem that has nothing to do with alcohol. Elvis does not drink. The purpose of the hospital stay is to try and diagnose the nature of the disease." Elvis' whole visit to the hospital was shrouded in secrecy, and when he was released on February 13th, doctors said that his problem was intestinal blockage, which resulted from a twisted colon. Whatever the condition actually is, all of El's fans and friends wish him the speediest of recoveries.

Less than a week after Elvis went into the hospital, on February 5th, his father, Vernon Presley, had a heart attack, and was admitted to the same hospital. He is recovering from it, and should be okay. And when he gets out of the hospital, Mr. Presley will record his first album, a gospel-country-western LP. So wish him, too, a speedy recovery, and wish him luck on his new recording career.

On the brighter side of Elvis news: El has announced 12 dates for his spring concert tour. It begins on April 24th in Macon, Georgia, then goes to Jacksonville, Florida (on the 25th), Tampa, Florida (the 26th), Lakeland, Florida (2 shows on the 27th and 28th), Murfreesboro, Tennessee (the 29th), Atlanta (on April 30th and May 1st and 2nd), Monroe, Louisiana (the 3rd), Lake Charles, Louisiana (the 4th), and concluding in Jackson, Mississippi on May 5th. If his health stays okay, Elvis should be giving more concerts as the year rolls on.

And if you want to check El out on the radio, listen for "The Elvis Presley Story", a 13-hour radio documentary chock-full of interviews and songs. There are nearly 180 fantastic Presley cuts in this documentary, interspersed with more than 80 interviews with people who've known Elvis well, and a superb narration written by Elvis-biographer Jerry Hopkins. So keep your ears tuned to your local station for this great show. It should be on the air sometime soon.

WHAT'S WHAT WITH THE HUDSONS

ONE PROBLEM MANY musical stars have is deciding where to record their albums. Those three fabulous Hudson Brothers have been going through that sort of problem. First, they were going to record their new album in Vancouver, British Columbia, where they've recorded before (they like the ambience there), but that fell through. Then, they planned on going out to Colorado, to record at James William Guercio's famous combination ranch and recording studio, "Caribou", but the cost for working there is $1600 per day, and the Hudsons couldn't afford it. (No, Virginia, all rock stars aren't fabulously wealthy.) So, at this time, Mark, Bill, and Brett are recording their wonderful music somewhere, but specifically where isn't known.

In other Hudson news: their contract for the "Razzle-Dazzle Comedy Hour" has been renewed, so not only will that show still be on the air (great!), but the Hudsons will soon have to tape nine more episodes. They love doing that show, so they are delighted with this development. And their apartment in West Hollywood still contains only a stereo, 3 beds, and a refrigerator, but they intend on buying some furniture as soon as they return to the Coast. The apartment itself is in a beautiful old colonial building, which stands out because it is not plastic-looking as most modern buildings are.

THE HUDSON BROTHERS

HOT FLASHES!!

RICHARD THOMAS, who plays John-Boy on "The Waltons", got married this past Saint Valentine's Day to Alma Gonzales of Los Angeles. The wedding took place at the Central Baptist Church in New York City (Richard's home town), with their immediate families and close friends attending. The new couple will make their home in Los Angeles, where "The Waltons" is filmed.

Liza Minnelli is finally getting the chance to work in a movie directed by her father, Vincente Minnelli. The movie's tentative title is "Carmella", and production will start this summer in Venice and Rome. Liza will play the double role of a hotel chambermaid in Rome who befriends a fading contessa and relives her high moments in a fantasy biographical recap. Liza and her father have been looking forward to working together for a long time.

A new version of the "Little Rascals" films is currently in production, and the finished movie will be released later this year. The new feature will follow the mood and milieu of the original as closely as possible, with concessions to time being in the use of modern film equipment and methods. "The Little Rascals" was, said the producer, "never a studio back-lot version of Hometown, U.S.A.... it was always urban and it was always real. The gang consisted of both boys and girls, white and black and even Pete and Pup had equal status." The casting for the film was done in a national survey.

ALICE ON TOUR

ALICE COOPER

THAT LOVABLE OLD ghoul, Alice Cooper, will hit the road for his first concert tour since 1973. He will be doing his thing in 60 cities in 35 states, consisting of one-nighters, beginning on April 1st, and slated to run through the month of July. Shep Gordon, Alice's personal manager, says, "We will be trying to bring to our audience something they've never seen before. Accordingly, the stage show will represent a total concept." To help make that concept total, Alice will release his first solo album on Atlantic Records, entitled, "Welcome to my Nightmare", and will appear on an ABC 90-minute television special (with the same title as the record), now scheduled for airing on April 18th all across the country.

The TV special should really be something! It revolves around a number of Alice's "surrealistic" nightmares, ranging from a confrontation with the legendary cyclops to encounters with black widow spiders. All the music on the special will be from the new album. Meanwhile, the stage show will be a multi-media recreation of the LP. According to Alice, the production will include, "mirrors, elaborate props, and five things never seen before on stage." (What could *they* be?) Several musicians and dancers will be on-stage with Alice as well, with the opening set on the tour being done by rocker Suzi Quatro. Alice says, "The whole project is a spectacular done the way Alice would do it." So when the full tour schedule comes out, check it to see where and when Alice will be giving a show near you.

Following the United States tour, Alice will then embark on a series of overseas concerts, with stops in England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Australia, Japan, and Brazil. Fans in those places are eagerly awaiting Alice's wild stage show, not having seen him in a long time. And plans are also being made to show the fantastic television special in those countries, too. Anyway you look at it, 1975 is Alice's year!

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explained happily to Batch. "We're bowling with him tonight. See you around!" And, with that, she grabbed Crazy's arm and they walked over quickly to Mr. Adams.

Diane linked arms with her father. "Wow, Dad! Are we glad to see you! We went there to choose some bowling balls and those guys really started coming on strong!" she fibbed. "It was great to see you coming our way!" (And *that* was no lie!)

Sensing their fear, Mr. Adams softened his stern expression—but he was still a little annoyed with them. "Girls," he said, when they had walked away a little, "what kind of guys do you hope to attract when you're both half undressed? Why don't I drive you both home? Before you get into any more trouble...." The girls were both a little unnerved by this encounter. Batch and Vince were definitely out of their league! So they acquiescently complied with Diane's father. But they agreed, later in the week, to attend the dance at Fillmore High next Saturday to try to meet guys there.

Fifteen phonecalls later, Saturday arrived. This time they both looked sharp—but more modestly dressed. But they had each helped each other to put on make-up—more make-up than either of them was used to wearing. They felt uncomfortable and self-conscious—and showed it. In fact, Crazy kept looking at her reflection in every window they passed so that she continually bumped right into other pedestrians! Finally, they reached Fillmore High and headed for the gym where the dances were held. Once inside, in their excitement, they completely forgot about their failure at the bowling alley, and were eager to try the same super-high-pressure tactics.

"Hey, Di!" nudged Crazy. "Let's head for the Ladies' Room and fix our make-up."

"Oh, Crazy, you look just fine. Stop worrying! Let's get over to those two dreamboats before some other girls sail by." She indicated two extremely good-looking guys standing by the soda machine. When Crazy saw whom she meant, she forgot about her powder-room-retreat and began to walk directly towards the soda machine with Diane. But they were intercepted a few feet later. Out of nowhere, two boys appeared next to them and started introducing themselves.

"Hiya, girls! How ya doing? I'm Ed—and this is Harvey! What are your names?"

"Oh! Um—I'm Crazy-Gracie and this is Diane."

"Hello, Diane. Hello, Gracie. Why do they call you 'Crazy'?" asked Ed.

"Do you both go to Fillmore High?" asked Harvey at the same time.

Before anyone had a chance to answer, "Rock the Boat" came on and Ed grabbed Gracie's arm. "Wanna dance? I love this song!" She nodded mutely and he pulled her towards the dance floor. Diane watched them disappear into the crowd of dancers.

"Hey, Diane! Let's dance, too!" exclaimed Harvey.

"Maybe later," replied Diane, coolly. "I think I'd like a soda first." The cute guys by the soda machine were gone but Diane couldn't face dancing with Harvey. He was only a little overweight but he had a rather large stomach that caused his shirt to stick out of his pants. He was an odd mixture of careful, stylish dressing and sloppiness. He seemed to have taken a lot of pains with his appearance—yet somehow the effect just didn't come off right. His "look" was incongruous on him—as if he didn't normally dress like this.

Once at the soda machine, Harvey refused to let Diane put in her own quarter. "Come on, Dee-Dee. Let me buy you a soda!"

"All right," agreed Diane rather haughtily. "But please don't call me that. My name is Diane." She felt as though he was giving her "the big rush"

"Oh—sure! Sorry about that! Hey! Here comes the happy couple!" Gracie and Ed approached them. The perspiration from all that dancing made Gracie's make-up cake around her forehead, nose, and upper lip. Where her powder loosened up, her freckles pushed proudly through—like springtime buds. She looked more confused than happy as she blotted her cheeks carefully with a tissue.

Ed held onto her elbow as tightly as a drowning man. He smiled broadly through his braces. "How're you two making out? Isn't Harvey a great guy, Diane? We've been friends for a long time. Gracie tells me you're her best friend. What a lucky thing the four of us met! Harv and I double-date all the time!" His speech was so rapid-fire that it was difficult to catch every word, let alone to answer his questions. Then a slow record came on and he turned to Gracie, who was hunting in her pocketbook for another tissue. "Wanna dance now?"

"Oh—um—not yet. Maybe in a little while...."

"What about you, Dee um, Diane? Like to dance?" asked Harvey.

"I don't think so, Harvey. My foot is killing me," fibbed Diane. "These platforms are new and I haven't broken them in yet; I shouldn't have worn them to a dance."

"In that case, I have a great idea!" said Harvey. "I have my father's car tonight. Why don't we all go to The Happy Hamburger? They opened a new one in the shopping center and it's supposed to be a fun hang-out! Have you been there yet?"

"Do you mind if we talk it over?" asked Diane and, when the boys said no, she pulled Gracie aside. "What do you think? I really didn't want to leave the dance. I just wanted to get rid of Harv. Is Ed as much of a creep as barrel-belly over here?"

"Well, he'll be a lot cuter without that mouthful of braces. You'd have to be an iron-ore miner to kiss him! No one else could get past all that metal! And he talks so fast I can hardly keep up with him! Still—I heard that some pretty cool guys hang out at The Happy Hamburger and I always wanted to check it out. We may as well go."

And soon the four of them were sitting in The Happy Hamburger. The girls choose a rear booth so no one would see them with Ed and Harvey—but they kept a sharp look-out for other cute guys. But on Saturday night—date-night—the better-looking ones were all paired off. Only the pimple-faced, overweight, braced-mouthed ones were alone—sitting with their homely "best friends"—other unwanted guys—and lingering over their double-burger-specials in order to hold onto their seats longer. The girls were almost glad they were "escorted"...almost!

As soon as they ordered, Harvey put his arm around Diane and tried to kiss her. She kept turning her head away while trying to maintain a casual, chatty conversation with Ed and Crazy-Gracie. But for every word Diane put in, Ed rattled off a 5-minute-monologue. She had met nervous talkers before but he took first prize! She wondered if Gracie had a headache, too. Then the conversation took an even worse turn. If either Diane or Gracie ever felt lonely before, neither Harvey nor Ed had a moment's rest planned for them in the future!

"We play handball on Sunday morning," explained Ed in his breathless, non-stop delivery, "but we can pick you two up right after that. I can borrow my brother's car tomorrow and we can go to the movies—or do something else if you like...."

"I have a better idea!" interrupted Harvey. "If you girls can come to the courts early, you can watch us play and then we can go straight out from there. There's an amusement park nearby and also a miniature golf course—if the weather's nice on Sunday—then we can catch a movie

later that night. How late can you stay out, Diane?"

"Well, I—"

"Too bad we couldn't stay at the dance tonight," began Ed again. His coke had restored his vocal chords apparently. "I love to dance. But we'll make it up to you *next* Saturday. Fillmore High always has dances and so does Bayside High. Don't worry, honey," he paused to hug Crazy-Gracie, "we're going to go to plenty of dances together."

Gracie was trying to fix her mascara with a napkin in the reflection of the spoon—but she wound up smearing it altogether with the jarring movement of Ed's unexpected hug. She looked at Diane with a wordless expression that said it all. Diane smiled wanly. The boys' voices droned on over their heads—planning, arranging, fitting in tennis matches, rock concerts, dance contests, and gosh-knows-what into their lives. The girls felt like fledgling starlets under the managerial wings of a benevolent producer and an excitable director. They were practically "under contract" to Ed and Harvey—even though the boys neither gave them the option of agreeing or disagreeing. It was assumed that, now that they found each other, they were naturally "steadies". It was a lot more than Diane and Gracie had bargained for! Since Diane was better at fibbing, she knew it was time for her to speak.

"Oh! What a pain I have in my stomach! Oh! Oh!"

"Diane! Wait! Ed'll get the check! I'll carry you out to the car!" said Harvey.

"Oh, no! I couldn't possibly go home in this condition. Maybe it'll pass. Gracie! Please help me to the Ladies' Room!" And the girls made their way slowly downstairs to the rest room area, the boys' excited chatter fading in the distance.

"What a headache I've got—and now you're sick! Oh, Diane! This is a punishment for being...."

"Oh, be quiet, Crazy! I'm all right! I just had to get us out of there. They'll be down here in a minute and waiting outside the bathroom door. Let me think." Diane checked out the window in the Ladies' Room but it was too narrow to crawl out of. Then she went out to the hallway and spotted the kitchen door wide open. Garbage trucks were picking up the trash. "Come on, Crazy. Follow me. I don't want the waiters to think we're trying to escape to beat them for the check." But the kitchen was momentarily deserted. Diane grabbed Crazy's hand and they ran out the back door past the startled sanitation men. They made their way out the side entrance of the parking lot and ran for two long blocks until they collapsed, all out-of-breath, at their bus-stop.

"We made it!" they said together and started giggling uncontrollably. "We got away!" But they didn't really relax until their bus arrived and they were on it—heading for home and putting increased distances between the boys and themselves.

"What a pair!" said Diane, settled deep in her seat on the bus. "I wanted a boyfriend, not a full-time guard! Harvey would have been in my life every *second*! I felt smothered just after a few hours with them. Can you imagine what it would be like to be his steady?"

"What about Ed? He was nice but soooo nervous! He kept talking faster than an auctioneer! I got breathless just *listening* to him. And they both kept asking us questions that they never gave us a chance to answer!" added Gracie.

"Oh, it was awful! They were like two high-pressure salesmen—only they were trying to sell themselves—*to anybody!* I never saw two boys so desperate for two girlfriends before. They just made their pitch—and stuck to us for the rest of the night! Did you notice anything funny about Harvey? He was all dressed up—and yet he looked so odd in his outfit—as if he put on somebody else's clothes and they didn't suit him at all."

"Yes. He looked very ill-at-ease...which is exactly how I felt with all this make-up on—unnatural. I was so self-conscious about it all night that now I'm looking forward to going home and washing it off."

"I'll bet Harvey can't wait to get home to take his clothes off and get into something more comfortable!" laughed Diane.

"Well," said Gracie sympathetically, "I know exactly how he feels." She looked at Diane—but Diane saw something in her eyes, something accusing, and she turned her head away.

"What are you talking about, Gracie?" she asked in a subdued voice.

"I'm talking about Ed and Harvey—and how we should be able to understand what *they* were going through tonight. After all, Diane, how many nights did *we* go through the same thing?"

"What same thing?"

"You know! The same super-eager-beaver attitudes. The same high-pressure techniques. The forced friendliness. The funny outfits we've been wearing. I was no more comfortable wearing that skimpy halter at that freezing-cold bowling alley—and no more at ease wearing all this make-up tonight—than Harvey was, wearing his super-fly meeting-chicks get-up. I was so cold in that bowling alley, I was hoping we'd bowl—just so I could warm up a little!" said Gracie.

"And I pretty much wore that short blouse," confessed Diane, "because my father made such a big deal about it—it made me more defiant and determined to wear it! But I hated being stared at all night. I felt so—so cheap! And so phony and unnatural."

"Just like Harvey probably felt," amended Gracie.

"Yes. Unnatural." Diane looked blankly out the bus' window.

"And for all our conniving, our strategy, our outfits, our eagerness, our schemes—we wound up with what Ed and Harvey wound up with—ZERO! Nobody—no girl and no boy—likes being 'trapped'. A relationship has to begin gradually, casually, naturally—and then gather momentum. If you try to force it, you only work against yourself. Ed and Harvey *aren't exactly like us*—but they were doing a lot of things that we have been doing...and only accomplishing the same things—turning people off! I realize that now, Diane."

"You're right. You're absolutely right. And I always called *you* Crazy-Gracie. *You* should call me Crazy-Diane—for not seeing these parallels before."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Diane. Neither one of us saw what was really going on—until we got a little perspective on it by meeting Ed and Harvey. Sometimes you can't see faults in yourself—but you can see them in others."

"I guess that's true, Gracie. But what happens now?"

"Nothing drastic!" laughed Gracie, rubbing off the last bits of her eye make-up with a tissue. "I guess we still have to be friendly and go to places to meet boys—but not like two traveling salesladies—'selling ourselves' to this boy and that boy. Enough of the hard sell."

Just then Tom Martin, the good-looking guy who was at the bowling alley last Saturday, boarded the bus. He was about to sit down, spotted the girls, and walked toward them. "Hello. I met you both at the bowling alley last week—but I'm afraid I've forgotten your names," he said with a friendly, winning smile.

"Hi! I'm Gracie and this is Diane."

"Oh, right! Now I remember." He smiled again.

"We never got to bowl that night. Did you?" asked Gracie.

"Yes. I bowled my best score—190—and broke up with my girlfriend, Nancy, all on the same night."

"Oh, wow! I'm sorry to hear that—about Nancy, I mean."

"Don't be sorry. It was a long time coming. She was very jealous and it was smothering me. She even made a

big fuss because Mike and I had been talking to you when she and her girlfriend were in the Ladies' Room. It was unreal! I'm not sorry we broke up, really I'm not!"

"Excuse me," interrupted Diane. "This is my stop. I'll call you tomorrow, Gracie. Nice seeing you again, Tom." And as Diane looked back at them, from her place at the exit door, she saw a relaxed, happy, smiling Gracie—making friendly conversation with Tom and enjoying herself more than she had enjoyed anything else in these past two weeks of scheming and running around. She felt a mixture of happiness (for Gracie) and melancholy (for herself). "Why couldn't that have been me that he was interested in?" she asked herself as she walked to her house. But then a huge smile lit up Diane's face—as another, lovelier thought came to her. "I'll bet a good-looking guy like that has *lots* of friends. And I'll bet he doesn't mind double-dating now and then!" Somehow, that bright hope cancelled out all the bitterness Diane had been feeling all night. She couldn't wait to call Gracie in the morning!

SURFING ACCIDENT!

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and they could wade across the river to get help.

She shook Bill. He just groaned. "Don't go to sleep, honey! I just figured out how we're going to get help for you. We'll go through the cave to the public beach. The life guard will help you."

Bill looked pale and weak. "Just let me rest for awhile. I'll be all right." He put his head down on his arm, still holding the now blood-soaked towel to his head.

Lori shook him again. "No, you can't rest! You must do what I tell you! Come on, I'll help you up." Bill did as she said. Lori staggered under his weight, but managed to help Bill to the cave. When they got to the cave, the water was knee-deep.

"Oh, I forgot about the incoming tide! In a few minutes the cave will be filled with water. Come on; we have to hurry."

They crouched down; Lori supported Bill and they hurried through the cave. On the other side, Lori gasped. Bill gave a soft whistle. The river instead of being knee-deep was more than twice its normal size.

"I've never seen the river this big before." Lori thought of her mother's warning. It must be that crazy spring tide.

Bill's knees buckled and he slid to the sand. "Now what?" He managed a weak grin, but his face grew very pale. His hand slipped down and the eager river lapped at the towel and swept it away.

"Don't pass out on me now. Somehow we have to get across this river." She watched the towel rush off up the river. Rivers are supposed to flow into the ocean, but because of the tide this one went the other way. She could see the life guard in his station on the beach across the way. Many people were still on this beach, but no one even looked her way.

"I'm going to have to try the old life-saving routine," she kept talking to keep Bill awake. "I'll help you into the water and then I'll pull you across just like we learned in class."

"You can't pull me, honey, I'm too heavy. You go get help and I'll wait here." He leaned back against the rocks and closed his eyes.

"No way! I'm not leaving you here alone!" She watched the steadily rising water in the cave. "You might pass out and the water would go right over your head. Come on, let's go. The water will make you lighter. I know I can do it."

She helped Bill into the water. The cold water bit into her skin despite the wetsuit. Bill revived a little from the icy water. "Maybe I can swim it." He tried to swim, but the exertion overcame him. Lori caught him. She knew he was unconscious by the dead weight in her arms. She put her arm under his chin, gave a mighty kick, and headed for the opposite shore.

Lori fought against the river's current, but with each forward stroke they were washed sideways. If she let the river carry her too far they would be in the deep water beneath the railroad bridge. If she lost Bill there, they might never even find his body. She gathered all the strength her tired cold body could muster. She tried to give the kind of final burst of power that won her blue ribbons on the swim team, but this wasn't quite like doing laps in the school's heated pool.

If only someone would see her and come to help. Her arm ached from the dead weight of Bill's unconscious body. She reached down tentatively with her foot. She felt wonderful sand between her toes. She surged forward and gained a foothold in the sand. She pulled Bill's body towards the shore and yelled, "Help! Help! Someone please help me!"

She saw a little boy run to the life guard and point her way. He must have seen her. The life guard leaped from his perch and raced towards her. Lori struggled to pull Bill's body to shore. The life guard gave a loud whistle and three other guys ran towards her, too. Just in time!

They splashed into the water and each grabbed either an arm or a leg. Blood still trickled from Bill's head wound. "What happened?" one of the boys asked. Lori couldn't answer. She collapsed on the sand and strained to catch her breath.

"Go to my station and pick up that red phone. Tell them to send an ambulance to the parking lot right away. This guy's in bad shape."

Lori fought back tears and staggered to the life guard's perch on her numb legs. She grabbed the phone. "Send an ambulance to the Santa Cruz public beach by the boardwalk parking lot right away, please. My boyfriend is hurt real bad." She banged down the receiver and raced after the boys carrying Bill. They were almost to the parking lot when she caught up with them.

"Will he be all right?" Lori panted. She hurried along beside the boys.

The life guard looked at Bill. "I think he'll be okay, but he needs a doctor." He looked at Lori. "You don't look so good either. What happened anyway?"

Lori explained about the huge wave and the surfboard bashing Bill's head.

The boys looked at Lori's slender wetsuit-clad body and shook their heads. "You mean you got this guy all that way by yourself? He must weigh two hundred pounds," one said.

Lori nodded her head. "I had to, there was no one else to help me do it."

The ambulance screamed up and two attendants jumped out. They hauled out a stretcher and the boys put Bill's limp body on it. One attendant took Bill's pulse while the other opened one of his eyes and peered at it. "This guy is in shock and has a concussion. We've got to get him to the hospital quickly."

They slid the stretcher into the ambulance. "Can I ride along with him?" Lori said weakly.

The attendant looked at her. "Sure, hop in! You don't look too good either." He wrapped a blanket around her shoulders.

"Thanks a lot you guys; I couldn't have made it without your help," Lori smiled after a glance at Bill.

"The heck you wouldn't have made it. If you hadn't found us you probably would have slung him on your back and carried him to the hospital by yourself." The boys all laughed and Lori climbed into the ambulance beside Bill and took his hand.

Bill's eyes fluttered open and he gazed up at Lori. "Did we make it?" he asked weakly. His blond hair was matted and he looked extremely pale. But he was going to be all right! She had no doubts about that!

Lori leaned down and kissed Bill. "Yes, we made it, Super Surfer, but from now on I think we better treat that big old ocean with more respect."

At that, Bill grinned and nodded in agreement.

MISS ROSE

continued from page 35

like a finicky pussycat, then pushes it aside. Everyone says of her, "My, you can see all her bones! She'd look terrific if she'd put on about 15 lbs.!" Did you ever wonder why she doesn't drink some malteds and eat regular meals and just put on some more weight so that she looks normal and healthy? Or is one of these extreme girls like you—wishing you were (pick one) fatter or thinner—but not having the will-power, strength, or inner security to do anything about it?

You see, only in few-and-far-between cases, is what you weigh purely a matter of chance. Sometimes people are too fat because of glandular deficiencies. Sometimes people are too thin because of an absence of fat cells in their body. But more often, nine times out of ten you can bet, people are too fat or thin because of a tremendous amount of inner problems—problems that show up in their physical image. And people who meet them are pretty smart—they know that these people are weak and are using food destructively (instead of nourishingly). And it's kind-of easy to get around a weak person—unethical, perhaps, but mighty easy.

How do people start using food destructively? And how can you transform a weak person into a strong and healthy one? Well, there are no easy answers . . . but maybe if you understand how and why you are misusing food (if you are), then you'll be that much closer to the solution.

It all begins when food takes on more importance than mere nourishment. It is used as a substitute for love, for communication, for rewards. Some mothers only know how to express their love in their kitchens. They love their families to death by constantly preparing pies, cakes, rich sauces, sumptuous feasts—and make them overweight in the bargain. Food, in some families, is also used as a punishment. Children are sent to bed without supper for misbehavior; children punish their parents by refusing to eat. As you get older, you start using food, too, to punish yourself. I knew a girl who didn't have a steady boyfriend. Every time she accepted a date with a new fellow, she'd buy a cheesecake and put it in the refrigerator. This way, if she didn't have a good time on the date, she would anxiously look forward to getting home—and eating her cheesecake. Eventually, she found out she enjoyed staying home, with the cake, more than going out on dates. So she slowly became a food-aholic. The last time I saw her she was close to 250 lbs. Those cheesecakes went from being her best friend to her worst enemy—as they tempted her to isolate herself from people, ruin her health, and destroy her youthful figure. That's what happens to girls who would rather keep company with their refrigerators than with other people; they become lonelier, fatter, and weaker. Who wants to be a food addict all their lives? AND—who wants to be friends with one?

Think about your self-image. How does your figure match up to it? If you have ever asked a doctor about your proper weight for your height (and he's told you to lose some) or if you have ever consulted a printed height-weight-age chart (and it's told you to lose some), ask yourself this: "Why don't I want to lose weight?"

Sometimes people use fat as a cover-up (literally and psychologically). Being pretty (and slim) means being involved in a rewarding social life. But they can't take that pressure—so they hide behind their fat and make excuses. "I have no clothes to go out in. I don't want to buy clothes until I'm thinner. Until I lose some weight, I don't really want to go out." The excuses go on and on—and the fatter they get, the more excuses they make to justify it. Sometimes people use food as a substitute for other unfilled emotional needs. If they have a fight with their boyfriends, they will go home and eat out of self-pity. If they argue with their mothers, they will reach for the cookie jar out of anger. If they are nervous about how they've done on a test, they'll sweat it out in the pizzeria. It's easier (for some people) to pacify themselves with food than it is for them to deal with their problems or with the people they're in conflict with. Food is also a way to be noticed—a negative way. Make a pig of yourself. You'll be noticed! Walk around like a blimp. You'll be noticed! If self-pity and other people's pity is your bag, then hurry up and get fat. But people who give pity and sympathy are usually short on those two offerings; their pity starts turning to deaf-ear-contempt after awhile . . . and isolation from the "pig".

What it all boils down to is a poor (or confused) self-image. It's hard to accept what I've just said—but if it makes you re-think things about yourself, then it's all worthwhile. Being slim and lovely is not just esthetically pleasing. Doctors have proven that "skinnies" live longer than "fatties"; why not?—they don't have to strain their hearts lugging all that blobby fat around! And it's just another excuse to say, "Well, if he loves me, he'll love all of me!" if you're literally *tons*-of-fun. There's a converse to that statement: "If you love him, don't you want to look your best for him?" But really, what you must really want to do is to look your best for *yourself.*

The way your body looks either adds—or detracts—from your self-esteem. And, as I've been saying in every column, if you don't really like yourself, then no one else is going to like you much either. That's a tough statement, but I've never known it to be false. And how much can you think of yourself if you're destroying your health, your figure, and your chances for a happy life? Even if you're not *that* fat—but just a little overweight—consider: is it a pattern with you? do you gain about five more pounds every year? have you steadily been buying larger sizes? There is a fine line between plumpness and obesity—and surely you know that it's easier to lose 20 lbs. now than 50 lbs. later. Take a new look at yourself in the mirror. Why shouldn't you be as appealing, as healthy, and as popular as you'd like to be—just because some food is standing in your way? Isn't the renewed self-respect, the new chance for happiness and popularity, the better way you'd feel *and* look worth giving up those "extra snacks" for? Sure it is! If you've faced a problem like this—and licked it—or if you'd like to try to solve it on paper, write to me c/o FOR TEENS ONLY—and I'll try to help you with it! Remember: you're only as beautiful as you feel!

(Look for Miss Rose's column in every issue of FOR TEENS ONLY!)

MY DAD BROKE UP OUR HOME

continued from page 45

school, even take my exams, but it was as if my body were there while I were really somewhere else.

I didn't go to the big end-of-school party the rest of the kids went to. I knew my friends would be talking about their plans for the summer. And what would I say—that I wasn't going anywhere or doing anything because my father had broken up our home?

They'd look at me the way Mrs. Wilson did that night in the corridor. They'd all feel sorry for me—even Wendy. Maybe, because she was my best friend, Wendy would be the worst of all. And I couldn't stand that!

So the night of the big party, I called Wendy, and I called Eric Johnson, who was supposed to take me, and told them I was sick.

It wasn't really a lie. I was sick—sick at heart. I missed Dad, but I was mad at him, too. In fact, I hated him! He didn't have to move out, I kept telling myself. He and Mom could have made it all up if they'd wanted to. But obviously, they hadn't. They didn't care if they ruined my life!

I stayed home the night of the party. And I stayed home every day and every night for the next week.

Mom was at me every other second. "Call Wendy," she said. "Go out and find your friends," she begged. "I can't stand seeing you here, cooped up, day after day," she complained.

I didn't pay any attention. *What did she know? Did she understand how I felt? Did she even care?*

Wendy called, too. And some of my other friends. Even Eric called to find out how I was feeling. But I put them off while Mom glowered in the background.

When Dad called, I pretended I was asleep. I didn't want to talk to him, either. I didn't want to do anything but stay in my room and be by myself.

Two weeks passed. I'd even stopped looking out of the window. Mostly, I watched television. Sometimes I read. I was bored, sure, but it was better than having everyone look at me, point me out, feel sorry for me. Anything was better than that!

I never expected my mother to do what she did—to call Wendy behind my back and invite her over. But on the Monday of the third week after Dad moved out, she burst into my room, all smiles and cheeriness.

"It's so beautiful out, Harriet," she bubbled. "Get your bathing suit and come to the pool with me."

I turned over on my stomach on the bed. "I don't feel like it."

Wendy pulled on my arm. "Come on, deadhead." Her voice changed suddenly. "Please, Harriet."

I buried my face in the pillow. She knew. And without seeing her, I knew she had that look on her face—that "poor Harriet" look. Tears filled my eyes and I pushed my face further into the pillow.

The side of the bed sagged as Wendy sat down. *What was the matter with her,* I wondered. *Why didn't she just leave me alone? What kind of friend was she if she didn't realize I wanted to be left alone?*

But she wasn't about to go. And she wasn't about to let me be by myself. For a full half-hour, Wendy coaxed and prodded and begged. Even Mom got into the act.

"Go with Wendy," she said. "You could use some sun... and you'll have a good time."

Wendy rummaged in my dresser and pulled out my favorite bikini. "Here," she said, waving it at me, "put it on and let's go."

I shrugged. What was the use? If I didn't go, they'd keep at me all day. *Just this once,* I told myself, *I'll go.* But I was sick about having to be with people.

The pool was crowded when we got there. I let Wendy pull me over to a large group of our friends. It didn't matter to me whom I was with or where I was. All I was going to do was sit there anyway.

"Hiya, Harriet," Carole Linden called out. "We thought you'd gone away."

I smiled wryly. *I wasn't the one who'd gone away, didn't she know that? Or hadn't Wendy gotten around to telling them yet?*

I flopped down on an empty place on the blanket and curled my legs up under me. I could sit there until the sun went down and nobody would notice. They were all laughing it up, having a good time. It was better that they weren't paying any attention to me, I realized. No attention meant no sympathy; no sympathy meant no hurt.

"Harriet!"

Eric was standing in front of me. And before I could think of an excuse to make him go away, he was kneeling at my side.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "Glad to see you're feeling better."

I nodded. "A little."

He edged closer. "You missed a good party."

I nodded again. *Go away!* I pleaded silently.

"I'm really glad I saw you before I had to leave," he went on. "I can't stay very long because my step-father's taking me to a ballgame this afternoon. But I've been meaning to call you again. I thought maybe you'd want to go to a movie or—"

"Step-father?" I interrupted. "You have a step-father?"

"Yeah. But what about the movie?"

"I didn't know," I said, ignoring his invitation. "I'm sorry."

He looked confused. "Sorry about what?"

"About your father. He died, didn't he?"

Eric laughed. "I don't think his new wife would like hearing that. They've only been married a year. They're living in California."

"You mean your parents were divorced?"

"Three years ago," Eric told me. "It was pretty messy at the time, but they're both better off."

I stared at him, not believing what I was hearing. How could Eric talk about it as if it were nothing? Didn't he even care?

"I was pretty broken-up when they first separated," he said, reading my mind. "But I soon realized it was the best thing. They were both miserable—and they were making me and my sister miserable, too."

I hadn't known about Eric. Did other friends of mine come from broken homes, too?

"Why do you ask, anyway?" Eric wanted to know.

I took a deep breath. "Because—because my father left home a few weeks ago," I blurted out. "And because—" Tears welled up in my eyes.

"That's tough," he said. "But listen—" he leaned in closer, "it has nothing to do with you, Harriet. I mean, you can't let yourself fall apart because of it. Know what I mean?"

I nodded thoughtfully. I was just beginning to. It wasn't nice—what had happened to my family. But maybe it didn't have to be the end of the world. And about the sympathy, the pity in everyone's eyes. Maybe people wouldn't feel sorry for me if I didn't feel sorry for myself. Nobody felt sorry for Eric, did they? Least of all himself.

I thought of my mother. She was hurting, too. And so was Dad. He'd left a phone number where he could be reached. Maybe I could call him in a day or two. Maybe even tonight.

"About that movie," Eric was saying.

"I'd like to—very much," I said, smiling at him.

When I looked around a second later, I saw Wendy looking at me. But this time I didn't see pity in her eyes—I saw happiness.

SLY SLENDERIZING SCHEMES

continued from page 41

"Health and Beauty" pages or go to your local bookstore and pick up a copy or two of some diet books. Browse and read the dustjackets before you spend your money. *Beware*, beware of books or pamphlets that promise fabulous, overnight results—or that say "You can eat as much as you want..."—because that really isn't the way a diet works (and most of these "diet claims" don't work!) A book that FOR TEENS ONLY read and recommends is put out by Consumer Guide and is titled *Rating the Diets* by Theodore Berland. This volume is available in paperback and gives you useful information about dieting, nutrition, measures, et cetera, and it also explains how different diets are set up ...and which are most effective and least effective. It's a good reference guide. Also, stay tuned to FOR TEENS ONLY because we always run self-improvement features and we do our best to keep you informed.

Remember, too, that what a diet is really supposed to do (in addition to making you lost weight) is to re-educate your eating habits. You've heard, "Don't dig your grave with your teeth" and "Don't let your knife and fork ruin your social life"—but also keep in mind that food that fills

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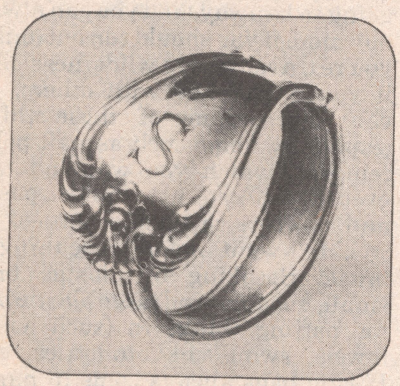

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you without also nourishing you (potato chips, "junk" snacks, gooey desserts) is harmful—harmful to your figure, your health, your complexion, and your physical well-being. Keep these things in mind when you diet:

1.....don't say, "I'll start my diet tomorrow!" and then go on a last-minute eating binge. Begin immediately and realize that you've had the last week (month, year) to eat like a pig—and that you're now...right this minute...going to start to eat sensibly.

2.....don't go to a party hungry. Eat properly (according to your diet) at home before you go. Then, at the party, nurse a few cans of lo-cal sodas and stick to the "legal" foods, such as lean roast beef, cheeses, salads, et cetera. Don't sit near the onion dip (unless the smell of it makes you sick) and circulate rather than hug the potato chip bowl all night. You'll leave the party less "stuffed" but more popular.

3.....don't "cheat" on your diet for one day or one weekend and then give it up totally. Just shrug off your "cheating" and get back on your diet immediately. You were doing so well! You can do it again!

4.....exercise and walk more. Take up a sport that keeps you outside. Exercise burns up calories and takes your mind off eating.

5.....cultivate thin friends. They are less inclined to hang out in pizzerias and they are less inclined to be sedentary, dull people. If you stay with your old crowd, it will be harder to break the old patterns—you know, such as stopping off at Ye Olde Hamburger Inne every night. Get with a new group!

6.....Lose five pounds more than you really need to lose. This way, when you finally go off your diet, when you start eating normally (but a reduced kind of "normally") you'll have that "extra margin of safety" in those five pounds. Often, after you've been dieting, just the change to different foods is weight-gaining. But if you're thinner than you want to be, gaining three pounds at the beginning of your off-the-diet stage will be less depressing.

7.....don't eat while you're doing anything else! Only eat when you're at the table and concentrating on your meal. Big eaters are often astonished to find that big bag of popcorn missing after 100 pages of their exciting mystery novel has been read. Whole boxes of donuts have "vanished" (into a mouth) during the course of a few TV programs. And unheard of amounts of chocolate cookies have "disappeared" during one phone conversation with a best friend or boyfriend. Be conscious of your eating. Don't eat just to have something to do with your mouth. A bag of potato chips in one evening can destroy the dieting of three whole days. What a drag!

8.....be aware of why you're eating. There are some compulsive eaters who eat even when they are not hungry. Is this you? Do you eat when you're (a) angry, (b) depressed, (c) lonely, or (d) frustrated? Be aware of why you're running to the refrigerator all day long—or even one-half hour after suppertime. Because while that food is calming you, keeping you company, or making you feel less blue, it's covering your body with hideous fat ("dead sandwiches" a compulsive eater once called them) and ruining your health. When you're sad, angry, blue, unhappy—put on your hat and take a long, perky walk around the block. Drink a large quantity of water. Go wash your hair. Or get immersed in a book. But keep your mouth shut!

9.....don't unnecessarily "tempt" yourself by stocking the cupboards. If you don't have any snacks, cakes, treats, or "junk" food in the house, it's harder to gorge yourself.

10.....keep a lot of lo-cal treats easily at hand. Cut up celery stalks, carrot sticks, radishes, et cetera into appealing shapes and put them in your refrigerator in a prominent position. Then when you're craving something to chew on, reach for the "rabbit food" and ward off those hunger pains. And, as you diet, you will find you're hungry less often. Appetite comes with eating—and the reverse is just as true for everyone.

Nobody ever said it was easy—but everybody will tell you how much better you look. And you will see the difference in yourself—in your mirror, in your clothes, in your physical well-being. You will be less tired less often (than you were when you carried all that fat around). You will take renewed pride in your cheekbones, your pelvic bones, your waistline. And you will have renewed pride during visits to clothing stores...when you head automatically for the smaller sizes. Isn't it all worth the effort? Sure it is! Now get with it right now! And good luck!

(Another feature you might want to read that concerns diets is Miss Rose's column, which begins on page 34. This time it's all about your body shape—and how it can make you popular or not.)

GOING AWAY?

continued from page 13

shoes, choose shoes that go with all your clothing, and vary them by style (flats for walking, sandals for lazing-around comfort and for substitute slippers, and 1 pair of dress-up shoes). Here's a sample list of clothing to pack for an approximate 2-week trip:

- ***2 blouses
- ***2 colorful T-shirts or halter tops
- ***1 lightweight, all-purpose dress
- ***2 skirts
- ***1 pair of shorts or cut-offs
- ***2 pairs of jeans
- ***2 pairs of nice slacks
- ***2 pairs stockings or panty hose
- ***1 or 2 pairs of socks
- ***3 pairs of footgear
- ***1 extra bra and an appropriate slip for a dress (if necessary)
- ***2 to 4 pairs of underpants (depending upon how often you can wash them)
- ***1 or 2 bathing suits
- ***a beach wrap that can double as a bathrobe
- ***1 all-purpose sweater
- ***1 light summer jacket
- ***2 scarves to keep your hair from the sun, or to dress up your blouse or hat
- ***1 raincoat or fold-up plastic rain parka (depending upon what sort of place you're going to)
- ***1 floppy hat or cap to keep the sun away from your eyes
- ***pajamas
- ***1 or 2 towels (optional)
- ***sunglasses

As far as toiletries, cosmetics, and other small items go, take the smallest size possible. You need only enough to last you for the time you're going to be away, and you can always buy more if you should run out (unless you're traveling to a wilderness). And if you're traveling with others, you can share some of these things (especially items such as nail polish remover, which you wouldn't need everyday). Also, get liquids, pastes, and powders in plastic bottles; you wouldn't want any of those things to break. Speaking of plastic, bring small, medium, and large plastic bags for putting things in (such as wet towels, swim suits, toiletries, etc.). Plastic bags always come in handy. Remember: summer make-up is simple, and with a lovely tan you'll need little more than eye shadow, mascara, and lipstick. It's better to concentrate on keeping your skin beautiful.

Here's a suggested list of toiletries, cosmetics, and other extra items you'll need on your trip:

- ***eye make-up (eye shadow and liner, mascara, eyebrow pencil)
- ***lipstick
- ***face blusher
- ***moisturizer (good for after the sun and surf)
- ***sun-tan lotion (buy a good brand)
- ***body oil or lotion
- ***small packets of bubble bath
- ***a hair remover item (shaver, depilatory, etc.)
- ***shampoo and conditioner

***plastic soap container and soap
***deodorant
***toothbrush and paste
***"Wash 'n' Dry" (plus a terrycloth washcloth)
***tissues and cotton (Q-tips are a good bet)
***a small sewing kit
***a first-aid kit (bandages, tape, antiseptic, scissors)
***insect repellent (especially if you're going camping)
***clothespins (for hanging up wet things) and string or nylon cord
***foldable, extra hangers

Here are some optional items:
***deck of cards
***notebook and pen
***camera and film
***a good book to read

After reading over these sample lists, you probably realize that there are some things you would add to the list in your specific case, and some things you would take off. Guidelines help, but you'll still have to think special for yourself. Maybe you're just going to your grandparents' house, in which case you probably won't need extra hangers. These lists should just be jumping-off points for your own list, which probably will differ.

After your complete list is written up, you're ready to begin packing. As you get each item ready to pack, check it off on your list so you'll know that you've remembered it. (And by the way, save your list for next year; you can save time by using it again.) The basic principle to remember when packing is: heavy items at the bottom, light items at the top. There are exceptions to this rule, so don't follow it blindly. Things such as jeans might go at the bottom, but so might anything that you don't mind getting crushed (such as underwear, socks, and towels). Small items that can be rolled up should be, and then stuffed in at the sides to fill up space. If you can keep all your cosmetics and toiletries together, fine, but don't keep them together if it's going to waste a lot of space. Obviously, fragile items should go in last, at the top, so there's the least pressure on them. And if you have anything that's especially fragile (such as glass) or valuable (such as jewelry), try to keep it on you at all times (perhaps in a large handbag). It's best to pack everything except crushables (blouses, dress, etc.) the day before you're due to leave, and then add those extra things right before you leave.

Now you're packed (have you forgotten anything?) and ready to go. Wherever it is that you are going, have a great time, with your mind at rest about what to bring. Traveling can be a time for fun, new things, and what better time than summertime!

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QUIZ: ARE YOU GROWN UP?

continued from page 27

Well, how did you do? Hope you wrote down your answers because here are the points you got for each choice.

(1)	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 10	(d) 0
(2)	(a) 10	(b) 0	(c) 0	(d) 0
(3)	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 0	(d) 0
(4)	(a) 5	(b) 10	(c) 5	(d) 5
(5)	(a) 5	(b) 0	(c) 10	(d) 0
(6)	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 0	(d) 5
(7)	(a) 0	(b) 5	(c) 10	(d) 10
(8)	(a) 10	(b) 10	(c) 0	(d) 0
(9)	(a) 0	(b) 0	(c) 10	(d) 0
(10)	(a) 10	(b) 10	(c) 0	(d) 5

What score did you get? If you got between 85 and 100, then you're really mature (providing, of course, that you gave the answers that you *felt* were right—not the answers that you thought would give you the highest score). Anything lower, then you are still immature. But we hope you probably have learned a lot from this quiz.

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You've seen many of these very same designs on patches that sell for as much as $1.00 each. Now you can get an assortment of 6 different full-color, iron-on patches for only 50¢ or if you are really a patch nut get 12 different patches for only 75¢. That comes out to less than 7¢ a patch. You never had a more **amazing offer.** So please don't miss out. The supply of these fantastic patches can't go on forever.

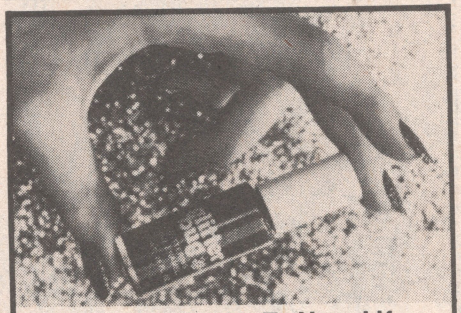
Glow And Color For Lips And Eyes

Give yourself that alluring, luminous glow for your lips and eyes with these creamy glow pots, *Lip Glo'* and *Eye Glo'*. They regularly sell for $2 apiece, but they're yours for the introductory price of 55¢ each, or all four at $2. Specify your color choice—either Petal Pink or Coral for your lips or Powder Blue or Lilac for your eyes.

100 Crazy Stickums

You'll receive **100 Stickums** including Love, Sealed With A Kiss, Feet, Eyes, Dove, Peace Fingers, *all* the Signs of the Zodiac and many, many more.

These full-color decals should have a retail value of about $1.00 but are yours at only 50¢ for a full set of 100 decals, or if you are really a decal nut get two sets (200 stickums) for only 75¢, courtesy of **Super Values.**



Add Some Glitter To Your Life

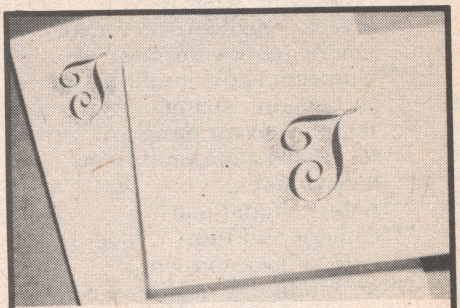
Sparkle up your wardrobe with a bit of sparkle nail polish. Use it over your favorite nail color, alone or mix and match for really unusual results—and you'll find *Glitter Bug* will put sparkle in your life. We've arranged for you to try this exciting nail glower at 50¢ for one bottle or at a bigger savings of $2.25 for six bottles. And you can choose your color and sparkle from gold, silver, blue, purple, red or green. Use the coupon on the opposite page for your order, and indicate your color choice, in the space allowed.

88 Color Poster Miniatures

Imagine having your very own set of 88 full-color posters. Each of these vibrant beauties is a miniature reproduction, in accurate detail, of the country's top selling posters you've seen in stores for UP TO $3.00 EACH. You get 88 different poster reproductions including all the Signs of the Zodiac, Motorcycles, Peace, Love and many more. These poster miniatures are ideal for decorating all your letters, notes, books, car, bike, in your room or anywhere else you choose and say a different message each time. This set of **88 Mini Posters** is yours for only 50¢ for one set of 88 poster miniatures, or if you're really a poster bug get two sets for only 75¢ from **Super Values.**

Perfume Panorama

Try some of the world's most enchanting perfumes in individual nip applicators for easy carrying in your purse, for any time any place. You can get a set of four alluring fragrances nested in their own purse carrier at a special introductory price of 50¢. Or, if you're the exotic type, a deluxe set of 10 perfumes awaits you for 75¢.



Personalized Monogram Stationery

We've arranged for you to receive a lovely set of Monogrammed stationery with your initial beautifully embossed on every sheet.

The set includes eight sheets of stationery (four note-sized and four letter-sized) plus eight envelopes. What a beautiful way to communicate to someone you care for—and it's all yours for just 50¢ a set. Please specify each initial you wish to order.

Iron-On Transfers

Imagine getting a set of the most popular iron-on transfers at a fraction of what you'd expect to pay in the stores. Now you can decorate your tee-shirts and other gear with these colorful, 4" high designs. A set of four different styles is only 50¢, or you can order the complete set of all eight styles pictured above for only 75¢.

Enough To Make You Blush

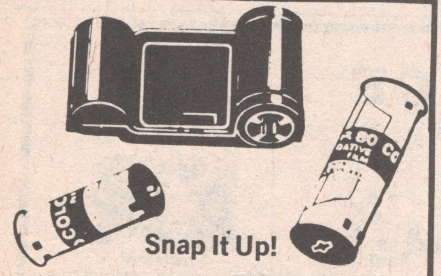
Sheer semi-transparent color that blushes your cheeks so naturally, no one will guess it isn't your own. *E. T. Blushing Gel* color is a healthy pink-peach that flatters every skin shade and creates that soft, subtle, fresh-as-outdoors glow. A full ½-oz. tube (a $2 retail value) is yours for 65¢ or you can get two tubes for $1—a savings for you of $3 off the retail price.

Sticks of Beautiful Color

The newest from E. T. Cosmetics are these specially formulated crayons of rich and creamy colors that are truly versatile, more so than any makeup we've seen. Perfect for your eyes, lips, cheeks, and dabs of subtle color or tone anywhere you choose. You also can choose from eight extraordinary shades: Turquoise, Coffee Bean Brown, Pink, Lavender, Frosty Blue, Plum, Sea Green, and White. These crayons retail at $1.75 each but you can get them at 65¢ each or, better still, at a savings of over $10 off the retail price, you can get all 8 sticks for $3.95.

Make Your Jewelry Sparkle

Now you can get a sample packet of Insta-Brite® cleaner to clean the tarnish away from your prettiest silver or copper jewelry. Works great on silverware, tea services, copper pans, etc... too! A sample packet is only 25¢. Limit: one per family.



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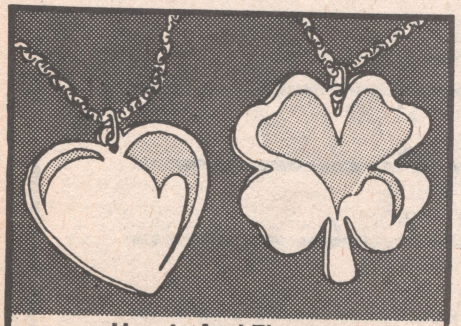
Your pictures will seem even prettier when you get this fine film in your choice of three of the most popular sizes—worth up to $1.40. Use the coupon at the right to select either 126 (for Kodak instant load cameras), 127 or 620 film. This incredible value is yours for only 25¢. Sorry, limited to 1 per family.



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Now you can get a delicate heart necklace that carries your torch for all the world to see. Or, maybe you'd prefer a four-leaf clover to bring you luck. Each delicate charm is gold-colored metal suspended in a 24" link chain—and is yours for only 50¢. Or you can order both styles for only 75¢.

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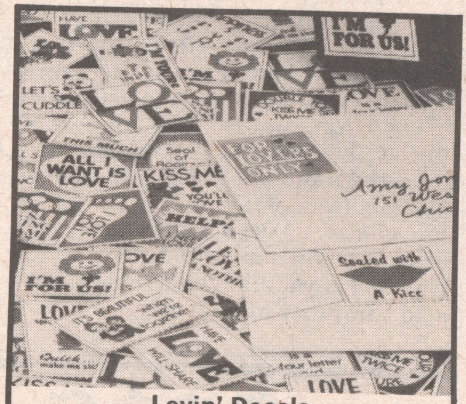

Lovin' Decals

100 Full Color Lovin' Stickums with beautiful messages of love that show you care. Decorate all your letters, notes and favorite possessions with these tender sayings. This set includes: **All I Want is Love, U.S. Loving Team, Sealed With a Kiss, Love Takes Two, I'm Yours Because You Deserve the Best, Love Spreads Germs—Quick, Make Me Sick,** Plus many, many more.

All yours for only 50¢. If you're really into love get two sets (with 200 lovin' decals) for only 75¢.

The Stars & You

Learn what the stars say about your personality and character traits and now they might affect your chances for future happiness with this great **Horoscope.** Discover the basic personalities of all the signs so that you might predict the behavior of those around you.

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	All 4 Glo' Pots at only $2.00	
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	200 Stickums @ 75¢	
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	4 Iron-On Transfers @ 50¢	
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HOW TO TALK TO A BOY!

continued from page 39

making sure you look directly into his eyes when you say it. Don't stare at the ground, play with your pocketbook, or twirl your keys when you speak. Even if he wasn't nervous, that fidgetting of yours will set his teeth on edge, and you don't want that!

Rule 3: Listen to other girls to get an idea of what they talk about to boys. Don't mimic another girl; you must set your own style according to your own personality. But be a good listener—and be aware of what other girls find to talk about to boys. You may learn some helpful hints.

Rule 4: Cultivate your own interests so that you *will* have interesting things to say to a boy. No boy likes a girl who only has "boy-chasing" as her hobby. At first it's flattering, then it becomes a bore. Part of the fun in talking to a new person is getting to know what they're like—and what things they're into. The more you're into, the more you'll have to talk to him about (instead of just the usual idle chatter). Doesn't that make good sense? And it's more fun, too!

Rule 5: Do you like to feel intelligent and important? Well, so does everybody else! Don't make your talk with him a barrage of non-stop quips and put-downs—even if it's all in fun. He has feelings, too, you know—and they may be more delicate than you imagine. If you're "into" making people feel good, they'll treat you the same way. But if you're into put-downs, you'll have to expect the same, insulting treatment. Why push him away? It's much nicer to draw him closer to you. Let him see your best side, what you like best in yourself.

Rule 6: What to say to a boy—to get the conversation going—can be anything from a question ("Did you get your history-paper back yet?") to a simple remark ("I think the campus looks so pretty right after it snows!") to a come-on introduction ("You know, I think we both met at Judy's Valentine's Day party last month! Do you remember me?"). But—despite the wide range of acceptable topics—there are some no-nos. Don't ask him very personal questions ("What grade did you get on the biology test?"). Don't pry into his personal life ("Why did you break-up with that Suzanne Miller?"). Don't brag about yourself ("So many boys are after me that I never have time for myself!" "I'll probably get the lead in the school play again because I'm the best one in the drama club."). *Be* casual, be friend-

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ly, be sincere; but *don't* be nosey, manipulative, gossipy, or pushy. He's in front of you. This is the moment you've waited for for so long. Now's your chance to get him totally interested—or to make him lose all interest. Keep everything in its proper perspective. Reverse the situation. Think, "What would I like him to say *to me* for starters?"—then say it to him first!

Rule 7: This is an out-growth of the above rule—being manipulative, too coy, or down-right phony. Don't try to impress him with how popular you are. He may get discouraged mighty easily—and then where are you? Be natural and don't be afraid to let him know you're interested in him. If you weren't interested, would you waste your time talking to him? Even a straightforward approach is good: "I've always admired the way you're so prepared in class. Do you think we could study together sometime?" or "You're really a terrific dancer; I couldn't help noticing!" or "You always look so together that I noticed you right away. I've been wanting to talk to you for awhile!" Sometimes the straightforward approach is really the path of least resistance. It's honest, it's open, it's friendly—and it gets attention! What's wrong with letting him know that he attracted you? That's very flattering!

Rule 8: Don't be so brief that you blow everything—just because you didn't say enough. Example: a boys asks you to go out with him on Friday night; you promised your neighbor you'd baby-sit; you tell the boy, "No". Result: this boy will think you're not interested. If you *are* interested in him, you should say something like, "Thanks for asking me but I already made plans for that night. But I'm free the next night, if you'd still like to take me out!" or "I appreciate your thinking of me but I can't make it on Friday. But I'm free on Sunday—if you'll give me a raincheck!" If you're not interested in dating him, then (of course) don't say anything like that. But you should remember that he's a person and people have feelings. Don't be rude to him; he had the good taste to ask you out in the first place. Decline—firmly but *politely,* please.

Rule 9: Be available for him to talk to you. If you're scared off when he's with a crowd of boyfriends, think of how he feels when you're glued to your best friend every day. He may be shy, too, and that "chaperone" is scaring him off. The next time you see him walking down the hall at school (for example), ask your best friend to go ahead and meet you later at the library—then walk straight towards him *alone.* Make it easy for him to talk to you, which makes it easy for you!

Rule 10: Don't be such a nervous chatterbox that you don't let him get a word in edgewise! There are two elements to good conversation: talk and pauses. Make sure you contribute your share of each. Don't have a monologue in front of him; give him a chance to say something, too. Girls who talk too much and too fast scare boys away.

Well, now you know just about all there is to know about talking to a boy. Practice will make perfect. So find the boy of your dreams—and start practicing! It's a lot easier than you think...once you say that first word. Good luck!

EYE-FUL OF EYE CARE

continued from page 21

warm water (as hot as you can stand it), and apply those to your eyes for a few minutes. Then, switch those pads with pads that have been soaked in a bowl of chilled witch hazel. Keep switching off every few minutes—warm pads, then cold pads—until ten or fifteen minutes have elapsed. Your bags will be considerably reduced! Bags under the eyes form for several reasons: strain, fatigue, wrong foods. But they do detract from facial beauty and why should you look "baggy"—when with a little effort you could look absolutely lovely!

Do you have dark circles under your eyes? Get rid of them with this smart secret! Milk and milk products contain a natural, safe, bleaching agent. Use either plain milk, sour milk, or yogurt (*plain*—not vanilla and not fruited) for this. This is excellent—either as an eye-area-treatment or as a whole-face-treatment. If you use milk, then soak cotton pads in it, and pat it all over your face (for a facial) or soak two pads and place each on each eye. Or if you use yogurt, then dab it on your face or only on your eyes. Leave the milk or yogurt on for ten or fifteen minutes. Wash it off with clear, cool water and pat dry. Milk and milk products are excellent for soothing the eyes *and* taking away blemishes; they are also a natural bleach.

You can also use honey on your eyes (or on your entire face). While honey is sticky and a little messy, you can always lick the drips off! It's so yummy—and good for the inner you as well as the outer you. Smear honey on your face and on your eyes. Go easy in the eyebrow-eyelash area because it sticks to the hair. Then lie down for ten minutes. Honey will give a new glow to your skin, obvious the second you rinse it off with cool, clear water. It's also one of Nature's astringents—which means it clears up the pimples on your face.

If you don't have time for any of the above organic eye care tricks, then you can soothe eyes like this. Close your eyes and "palm" them with one palm over each eye and roll your eyes around clockwise and counter-clockwise to a count of 5 in each direction. This is relaxing and resting—especially if you've been doing a long stretch of reading, viewing, or straining your eyes with some small, exacting project. This will also strengthen your eyes.

"COSMETIC"

Many girls know how to apply eye make-up. Few girls know how to apply eye make-up skillfully. The trick, suggests Madame Bouchard, especially if you're in your teens, is not to over-do it. Look natural and aim to accentuate your best features...not to disguise them. If you have large eyes, then you're lucky! Play them up for all they're worth! But if you have small eyes, Madame has a trick for making them look larger. After you apply a good moisturizer as a base, apply eyeshadow (in a mink creme or pressed powder formula) in light shades: blues, greens, lavenders, yellows. Have these shades on hand in both translucent and plain formulas. First use the *translucent* shades around the lashline outline of each eye encircling it. Apply more shadow in the interior corner of the eye (near the nose) to make that area more prominent. Then apply *plain* eyeshadow above the eyeball's socket, to emphasize the color below (the *upper* shade should be a smoky shade such as a brown or gray). Then fill out the eye area by continuing to apply shadow to the area above the eyeball socket until you reach the underside of the eyebrow (use a very light shade here for accent).

To make your eyes look even larger, also outline them with eyeliner (Bouchard's Matiqueliner in black or brown is an excellent automatic eyeliner for your upper and lower lid), using a very thin line beginning at your pupil and drawn to the outer corner of the eye. For nighttime use, you may want to spotlight your eye further (after you've applied liner) by applying a darker shade of eyeshadow to the extreme outer corner of the eye.

Now you're ready for mascara, which shouldn't be applied too thickly. If you want long, sweeping, flattering, flirty lashes, then wait until the first application of mascara is dry

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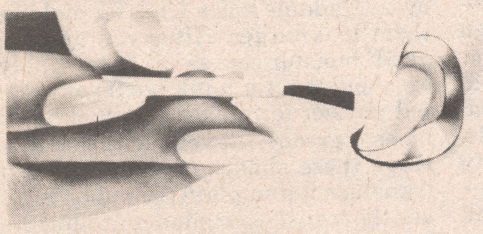

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before you re-apply a second coat. Madame Bouchard puts out three different types, all easy to work with. You can choose from a Mascara Brush-on Creme, Matiquelash (an automatic mascara), or Mascara Cake.

Remember to vary your eye make-up according to the occasion. Make-up you'd wear to a picnic is bound to be different from that which you'd apply for a super-special Saturday night date! Don't be afraid to experiment with different looks...just don't do anything with too-heavy a hand. It's better to under-do and then add some more eyeshadow, more mascara, more eyeliner. But once you've over-done it, you'll have to remove it and start again.

Give your eyebrows that finishing touch, advises Madame, by brushing them upwards. Madame doesn't advocate eyebrow pencil on teens because it's too harsh. She suggests that you tweeze your eyebrows only from underneath (never interfere with the upper, natural arch) and that you brush them upwards with her Eyebrow Brush so that they will naturally assume a beautiful, arching shape...all by themselves. Pluck eyebrow stragglers in the direction in which they grow to keep these hairs beautiful and manageable.

If you want some more information about eye care and the latest cosmetics, Madame Bouchard has a lot of free literature for you. Write to her at Route 9, Wilton, New York 12866 and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. And remember, this summer and always, take care of your eyes and they'll take care of you. They're the only ones you've got!!!

KIM'S DREAM BOY

continued from page 9

"She's lucky," I thought. "She never had a dream smashed." I hurried to my room. Mumbles was preening himself on my bed. I sat down beside him and wept.

I did not hear from Carl again. Janet believed that I wanted to be alone. She stopped telephoning me and I did not call for her on my way to school. Frank had stopped calling long ago. I was alone with my broken dream. I wanted it that way.

Every day after school I walked by the pond, longing for Carl. But deeper than that I grieved for a dream that came true but vanished. I wondered how I could write again.

One day in early spring, I noticed the sticky leaves budding on the trees. I saw the little green blades of grass shooting up like a miracle. On my way home, I paused by a bed of early tulips, their yellow, red, and purple flowers opening to the sun.

That night I opened a gold-edged book, *Poetry of Flowers*, which my father had brought me from a rare book store. I read through it. Every flower had a meaning.

I worked into the night writing:

BOUQUET FOR YOU

What flowers shall I bring
To prove my love is true?
For I desire blossoms rare,
And sweets to give to you.
Oh, the larkspur speaks of lightness.
The carnation shows disdain.
The berry means indifference,
And the nightshade causes pain.

But the jasmine says, "I'm happy."
The rose shows love divine.
The peach means, "I'm your captive."
The daisy says, "You're mine."
So I shall bring you jasmine,
A rose and daisies too,
And blossoms of the peaches,
To prove my love is true.

Before I fell asleep, I knew I could write poetry about the world around me. I did not need a dream.

The next day after school I looked for Janet at the Soda Shop. She was sitting in a booth next to Frank. Their heads were together, their hands touching. Janet glowed with happiness.

I turned to leave before they saw me. Wally, a last year's classmate, was sipping a coke at the counter.

"Kim!" he called. "Sit with me! Long time no see!"

"What's new?" I asked as I sat beside him.

"Dance at the gym Saturday night. Want to go with me?"

I looked into his clear blue eyes and I liked him. Then I glanced at Janet. Our eyes met. She looked down for a minute and then she smiled at me. I waved to her. Then I turned to Wally.

"Sounds like fun," I told him. "I'd love to go with you."

"That's great. I would have asked you before, but I haven't seen you around lately."

"Yes," I murmured a bit sheepishly. "I've been keeping to myself lately. I've had a lot of thinking to do. But I'm a happier person for it. I think I can be better company now." I gave him a big smile.

"Well, then, I think we can *both* be good company for each other on Saturday night," he agreed.

And even though he didn't know the *real* meaning behind my words, I knew there was definitely a lot of truth in what he said. I had lived in my dream world too long. Now I was ready for...life!

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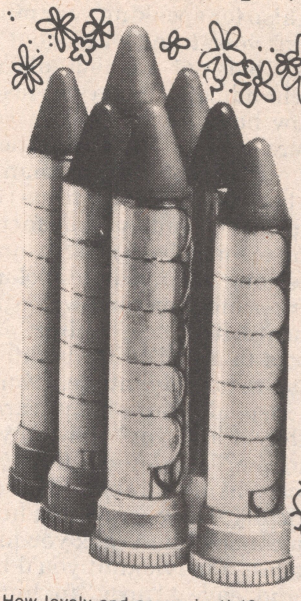

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LETTERS TO LISA

continued from page 6

better—and I've come to love him. Maybe if he knows how I feel about him it will prompt him to express himself and tell me if he does like me, too. He is the most terrific person I know and I truly care for him. He's special! Should I try to tell him this? Or would that be too "forward"? Lisa,

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thanks for helping. I trust you.

Debbie
Massachusetts

Dear Debbie:

Yes, I am also for speaking your mind and getting your true feelings out in the open... but not without discretion. I am handicapped here because I don't know how old you are. If you and he were in your twenties, I would give you a different answer than if you were both in your early teens (14, for example). The sad but true fact is that young teenage boys often cannot handle a strong and absolute declaration of love—and they run away after they've heard it. It scares them and often works to a girl's disadvantage rather than to her advantage. I would say that instead of an all-out, cards-on-the-table "I love you! How do you feel about me?" exchange, that you approach him tactfully and diplomatically. Have you dated him? See if you can get him to ask you for a date. Suggest a movie that you'd like to see... and leave it "open" for him to ask you to go with him. Or invite him to a friend's party or your school's dance. If he rejects all these invitations, then it sounds as though he's not interested. BUT—if he does "bite" and asks you out, then be as nice as you can on the date... and let him know you're good girlfriend material. This is a subtle way to get your message across... but it will accomplish the same thing. You *will* find out how he feels about you—for better or worse. Good luck!

PROBLEMS WITH PARENTS

Dear Lisa:

I have problems with everyone in my family. My mother treats me like a little kid and I can't get through to her that I'm not (I'm 12½). She never listens to me—and when she does she tells my sister everything I say! My father says things in front of my friends. He sometimes yells at my friends and starts drinking in front of them. All my friends say that they have started smoking; I'm going to start smoking, too, because my parents are making me a nervous wreck! There is this home in Indianapolis (which is next to Pendleton) and they let kids who need people to talk to their parents live there. Some of my friends are planning to go there this summer to live. We would go right now—but you have to be between 13 and 18 and we are all still 12½. Tell me if I should go and live there. I need help!

nameless and almost homeless
Pendleton, Indiana

Dear Nameless:

Yes, it's hard enough to grow up besides growing up when you feel your parents don't understand you! But, underneath it all, I'm sure your parents love you—and that they don't realize that you are this unhappy. Are you in junior high school? They must have guidance counselors. Make an appointment with yours and tell this person everything you have told me. Maybe the counselor will talk to you privately—or maybe he'll suggest that your mother or/and father come in for discussions, too. Bring the problems right out into the open and things will be easier to deal with. On the other hand, if your home still doesn't improve (and if your father's drinking is very serious), then the counselor will contact this home in Indianapolis for you. In the meantime, they *are* your parents—and working things out with them is worth a try. You could clear up a lot of things! Keep in touch. I care.

A SHY GUY

Dear Lisa:

Everytime I see a girl I'd like to talk to, she's always around a lot of people. That makes me shy. I'd rather talk to a girl who's by herself. Lisa, I recently saw a girl waiting at a bus stop with her girlfriend—and I felt very self-conscious about approaching her. Did I do the wrong thing? Also, what do you say to a girl to get a conversation going?

Jerry Lee Thomas
East St. Louis, Illinois

Dear Jerry:

Yes, of course it's easier to talk to a girl who's alone than one who is surrounded by her friends. If you had more self-confidence, you could have approached *both* girls and gotten *both* their numbers before the bus came. But until you feel this confident, it's better to approach a girl who's alone. Keep in mind that the girl is probably just as shy as you are—and say to yourself, "I must put her at ease", then smile and be very pleasant. Ask "regular" questions, such as where she goes to school, or if she knows so-and-so from Main Street, or if she ever goes to the new bowling alley over by the highway. One question leads to another, and before you know it you'll have a full conversation going. Just be friendly and natural and casual. I wish you luck!

A WALK ON THE SHY SIDE

Dear Lisa:

I am 14½ and pretty—but on the shy side towards boys. I can't really think of anything to say to them! Many boys think I'm cute but no one will ask me out. All my friends have boyfriends—and I would like to have one, too.

Please give me some advice.
Unhappy
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Unhappy:
Read the above letter—and you'll see that a lot of boys are just as shy as you are. People are shy and self-conscious basically for *selfish reasons.* Yes! Selfish! This means that shy people are those who think more about *themselves* than they think about other people. The next time you talk to a boy, concentrate on making *him* feel at ease, and try your best to make him feel comfortable. Your attention will be taken away from yourself—and your shyness will vanish. Try it! And things to say will come to you once you stop being so nervous.

A HUDSON IS HEAVEN
Dear Lisa:
Please help me make a decision. I like this guy whom a million other girls like, too. I feel stronger about him than I ever have felt for any other guy. I have over 200 pictures of him on my walls and all over my school locker. I also have his photo in two lockets. He's a star and his name is Mark Hudson. I know what you're thinking—here's another crazy teeny-bopper! Well, I'm not! I've liked stars before and in a month or so it has passed. But I've loved Mark since August, 1974, and I don't think it will ever stop! I'm 16½ and he is all I can ever talk about. My parents have grown to hate The Hudson Brothers and when I talk about him they ask me to shut up! But I have to talk about him to somebody. My friends don't even want to listen. Please tell me what to do. I've never been in love like this before.

S. Chamberlin
Troy, New York

Dear S.:
Even though you wrote to me for my advice, you're not going to like what I have to tell you. Your "love" for Mark is just a "crush" and I'm very sure it will pass as soon as you get a boyfriend of your own. (In fact, by this time you may already have!) Concentrate more on boys your own age and in your own neighborhood. Not only is Mark older than you are, he is very busy with his career and rarely dates—except on double and triple dates with his brothers. Also, he's always on the go and I don't think he gets up to Troy, New York too often. A lot of girls develop a "crush" on stars until they are ready to form a maturer relationship with a real boy. Understand this, and try to meet a boy either in your neighborhood or in school—one who will take you out and return your affection.

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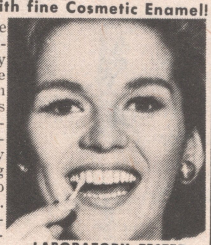

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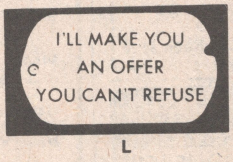

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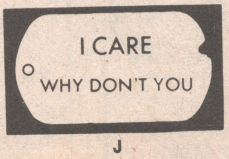

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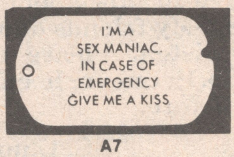

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